

THE SPIRIT



R
OFFICE
373
AME
1915
(June)

1915

EDISON



Mr. Edison Listening to His Diamond Disc

This Instrument is in a class by itself—its clear, mellow tone, the wonderful fidelity with which it brings out all the overtones that give to real music its beauty. Just as perspective and color do to canvas.

**EDISON Diamond Disc and Diamond
Amberoles can be had on terms to suit,
from \$3.00 to \$450.00**

Quade Studio

417 MAIN ST. (Phone 247 Black) AMES, IOWA



AMES PUBLIC LIBRARY

R OFFICE 373 AME 1915
Ames High School (Ames,
Spirit.



The "Spirit" Staff

THE SPIRIT

Vol. 4

JUNE, 1915

No. 4

Published Four Times a Year by Students in the Interests of Ames,
Iowa, High School

EDITORIAL STAFF

Editor-in-Chief	- - - - -	Cora Willey
Assistant Editor	- - - - -	Lois Russell
Business Manager	- - - - -	Roy Stewart
Assistant Business Manager	- - - - -	Judson Zentmire

DEPARTMENTS:

Athletic	- - - - -	Baily Waltmire
Jokes	- - - - -	Gladys Ricketts
Exchange	- - - - -	Hester Crosby
Alumni	- - - - -	Leslie Lynch
Cartoons	- - - - -	Glen Wilson
Juniors	- - - - -	Ila Wilcox
Sophomores	- - - - -	Paul Potter
Freshmen	- - - - -	William McClure

EDITORIAL

The Spirit staff wishes to hereby express our appreciation of the loyal support of the faculty and members of the high school, in our endeavors to make this annual a success.



Read your own Spirit and not your neighbors.



Boost for Old Ames High!



Miss Ida E. Boyd

Dedication

TO Miss Ida E. Boyd in appreciation of her friendship and interests taken in all high school activities, we the class of 1915 respectfully dedicate the "Spirit Annual."



Faculty Ames High School

Top Row:

WARREN E. POLLARD—Music
 GRACE MCILRATH—Mathematics and History
 EDNA MCINTOSH—English
 W. E. LYMAN—Science and Athletics

Second Row:

IDA E. BOYD—Shorthand and Typewriting
 MARY COFFEY—Physics and Chemistry
 ESTELLE BRAY—English

Third Row:

BEULAH CRAWFORD—German
 A. F. CALDWELL—Principal
 F. W. HICKS—Superintendent
 MILDRED SPRAGUE—Latin.

Fourth Row:

GRACE CURTIS—Commercial
 ETHEL R. FORD—English
 SARAH CLARK—Mathematics

Bottom Row:

HENRY GIESE—Manual Training
 ADA SPRAGUE—History
 MABEL ADAMS—Home Economics
 S. H. DADISMAN—Agriculture

Not in Picture:

LENA LIVINGSTONE—Physical Training



Board of Education

E. W. VALENTINE, President

E. H. GRAVES

W. H. MEEKER

G. E. FARNUM

L. C. TILDEN



The Class of 1915 When They Were in the Third Grade

Class '15



VEARL HEATER

Football. Track. Vice-President. "Chick."
"Shark in History and co-education."

JESSIE POWELL

Senior Class Play.
"He that will give most shall have her first."

OLE FATLAND

Senior Class Play. Track. "Fat."
"A brave lad wearing a manly brow,
Knit with problems of grave dispute."

MERYL RUTHERFORD

Senior Class Play.
"She smiles because she can't help it."

GLEN WILSON

"Stormy."
"I am not overly ambitious, but still I think I
would make a good President."

ARTHUR HEGGEN

"Art."
"Some men were born for great things."

RUTH KELLEY

"Blest with plain reason and sober sense."

BERNIS MELTZER

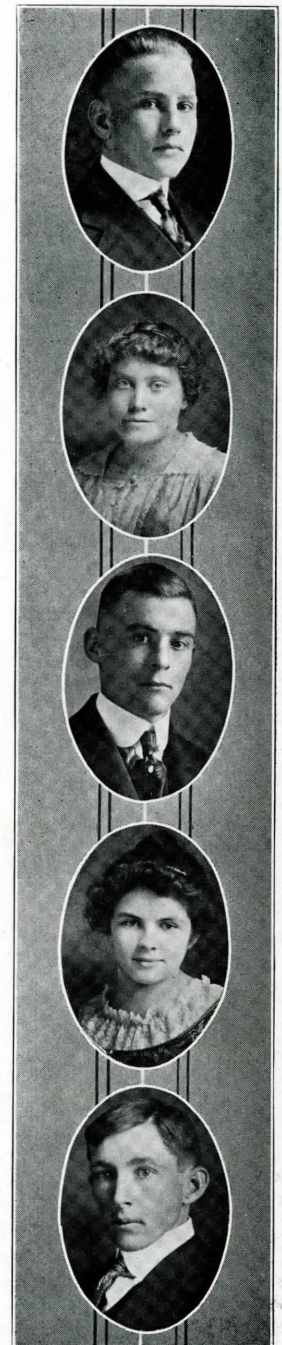
"A." Football. "Ponce."
"A man is never too old to learn."

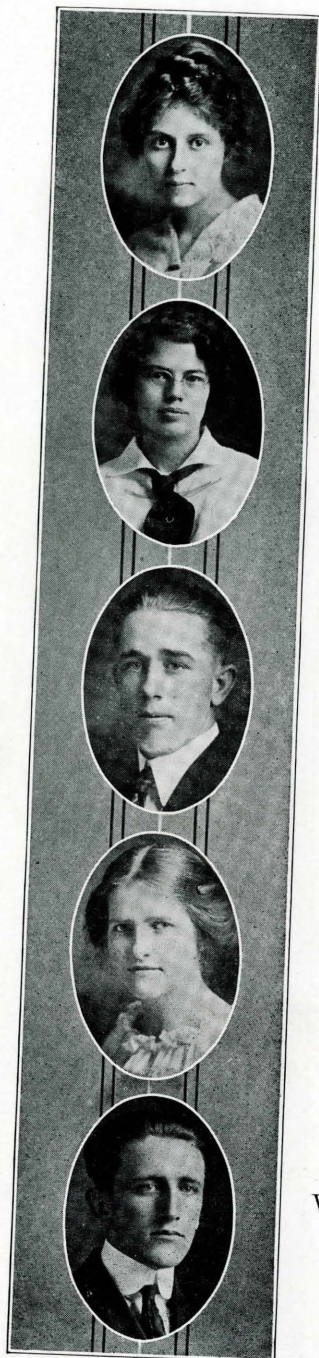
ELIZABETH KOOSER

Senior Class Play. "Betty."
"Doesn't mind the weather;
In fact likes the 'Stormy' the best."

CHARLES JUDGE

"Chas."
"Oh! wise young Judge, how I do honor thee."





ANNA THON

Class Reporter.
"With much to praise, but little to be forgiven."

HAZEL McQUILLIN

"Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever."

HAROLD CULP

"Culp."
"He was so good he would pour rose-water on a toad."

ELLA CLARK

"Pete."
"God bless thee and put meekness in thy mind;
love, charity, obedience, and true duty."

VERNE MOSES

"Mosey."
"A true, strong, sound mind is the mind that can
embrace equally great and 'Tiny' things."

WALTER HARRIMAN

Football. "A." "Doc."
"When rogues fall out honest men get their own."

CORA SCOTT

"A kindly quiet spirit where malice finds no home."

BAILY WALTMIRE

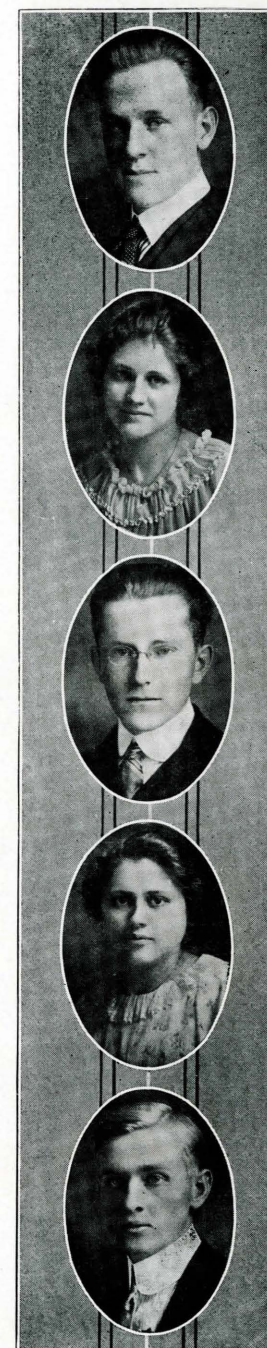
Athletic Reporter. Senior Class Play. Y. M.
C. A. "Busty."
"Bid me discourse, and I will tell you all."

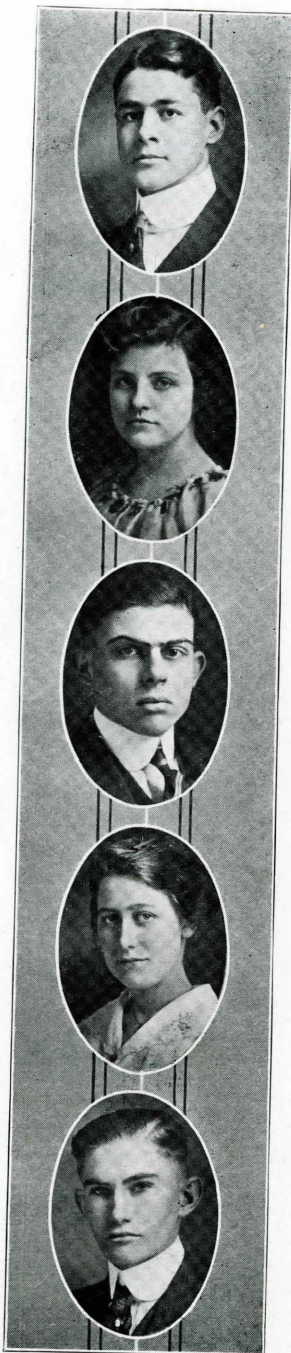
FLORENCE SCOTT

"Of plain sound sense life's current coin is made"

LEO SCOTT

"A youth there was of quiet ways."





PAUL MELICK

Track. Senior Class Play. Y. M. C. A.
"Ambition has no rest."

EDITH SUTTER

"Tiny"
"Small, but, Oh! (Moses)."

JOHN REDDITT

Y. M. C. A. "Redditt."
"Let the morrow take care of itself."

REBA EDWARDS

"A bundle of reliability
A great heap of all right."

BYRON GRIFFITH

"Deak."
"By diligence he wins his way."

HAZEL JOHNSON

Senior Class Play.
"A steady, conscientious and thoughtful worker."

GEORGE OLSAN

"Ole."
"His heart and hand both open and both free."

ALMA MARTIN

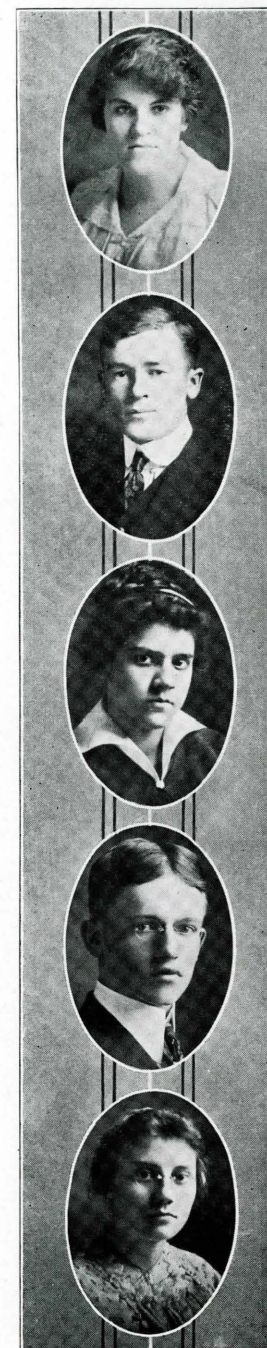
"Bud."
"A merry heart doeth good like a medicine."

LONEY RAYNES

"I think the boy hath grace in him, he blushes."

MILDRED DODDS

"Pete."
"The force of her own merit makes her way."





CLARK TILDEN

Senior Class Play. "Tillie."
"Not afraid of work but not in sympathy with it."

CORA WILLEY

Senior Class Play. Editor-in-Chief of "Spirit."
"Billy."
"Tho' I am young, I scorn to flit
On the wings of borrowed wit."

WALTER JUDGE

Senior Class Play. "Red."
"In spite of all the learned have said, I still my
own opinions keep."

HAZEL DAVIS

"Modest yet resolute."

ALBERT HUSTED

Senior Class Play. "Bert." Track.
"A steady studious follow."

JOSEPH CARR

Y. M. C. A. "Boxcar." "Jocar."
"Demosthenes is dead: Cicero is dead and I am
not feeling very well myself."

WILLIEN FISH

"Willie."
"Music hath its charms and so does she."

BERNICE RICKETTS

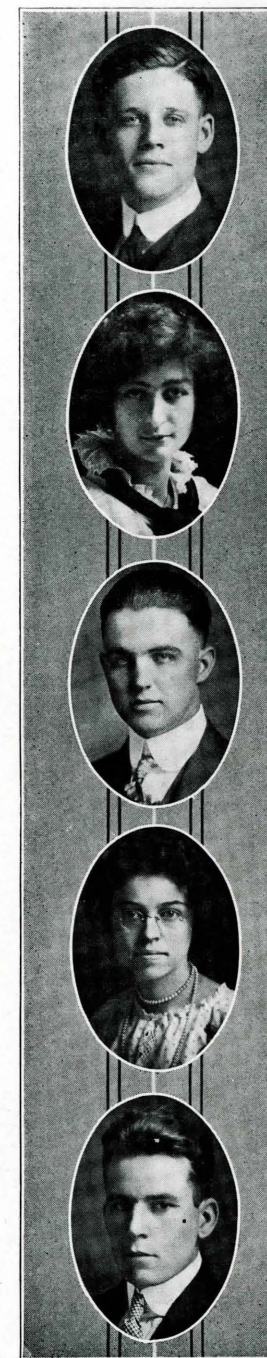
Football. Basketball. "A." "Hick."
"His form was ponderous, his step slow
There never was so wise a man I know."

NAOMI GRAY

"Could I love her I should be happier now."

CHARLES SNYDER

"Chas."
"I am bashful, but I cannot help it."





NETA SNOOK

"Snookie."
"I love a youth, Oh! what bliss."

GLEN CARBERRY

Basketball. Track. Football. "A." "Car."
"A big bunch of foolishness—but better a witty
fool than a foolish wit."

RHEA MCDOWELL

"An open-hearted maiden, good and true."

LEONARD JACOBSEN

Senior Class Play. "Ping."
"There may be greater men than I, but I don't
believe it."

DOROTHY SUMMERS

"Thou living ray of intellectual fire."

JUDSON ZENTMIRE

Assistant Business Manager of "Spirit." Foot-
ball. "A." Y. M. C. A. "Judd."
"Especially interested in American History, for
that is the history of the Carolin(e)as and the
Adams(es)."

HAZEL MCCANNON

"Thy modesty is a candle to thy merit."

VANCE MCCRAY

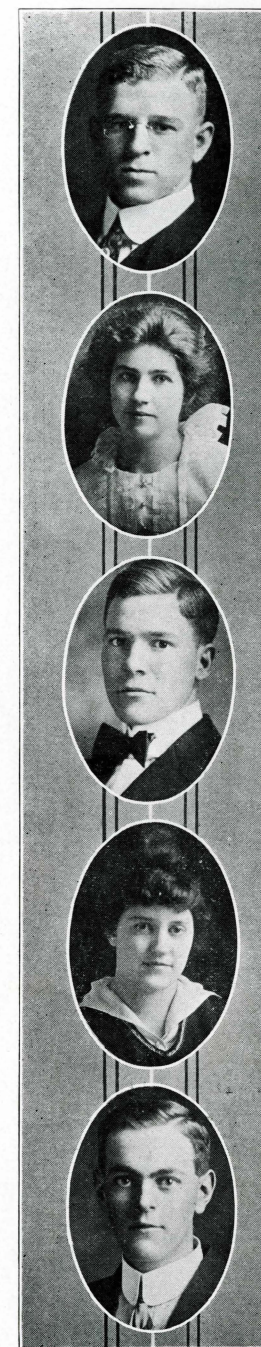
"Those, so young, so wise, do never live so long."

BESSIE CRETSINGER

"Cret."
"A nature so modest and so rare,
You hardly at first see the strength that is there."

GEDDES NILES

Y. M. C. A.
"An honest man is the noblest work of God."





GARNET SEARLE

Senior Class Play.
"Her mind a maxim plain, yet keenly shrewd."

RALPH SCOFIELD

"Dolly."
"Were I the wearer of Antonious beard I would
not shave today."

CORA SIMS

"Her life is like a snowflake—it leaves a mark,
but not a stain."

CHARLES McGRATH

"Mac."
"Shark—nuf sed."

MILDRED HUSTON

"Her heart is as far from fraud as heaven from
earth."

SEVERT MATHRE

"Mystery veils his past."

ELLA MELLOR

"A brilliant mind
A manner kind
A gentle quiet spirit."

WILL DAVIS

Football. "A." Class President '15. "Bill."
"Two things my heart desires—athletics and girls."

DONALD FRASCHE

"He has a face like a benediction."



Seniors! Seniors! Seniors!

Lend me your ears,
I come to announce a "Kid" party, not to denounce it.
The evil of the last, lives after it,
The good is yet to come.
So let it be with this one. The committee
Hath said, all should be dressed as "Kids"
If they are not so, it would a grievous fault.
And they shall not be admitted.
Here, under leave of the president, and the rest,
For the president is an honorable man,
So are they all, all honorable men,
Come I to invite the teachers all—
But bear with me, my heart is with the party there to come.
And I must pause till the night of March 19.

This notice, which appeared on the bulletin board, on the first floor, provoked a smile from more than one Senior, but those who went to the party, the expression on their face was more than a smile.

The children assembled in the High School Gymnasium, which was decorated to represent a nursery, using the Senior colors and pictures. The girls brought their dolls, doll carriages and teddy bears and the boys, their whistles and rubber balls. Many quarrels and scraps were involved in but no one was seriously injured except a few dolls.

The greater share of the evening was spent playing familiar games such as: "London Bridge," "Cat and Rat," "Drop the Handkerchief" and "Lads and Lassies."

The music for the evening was furnished by the High School phonograph and Vearl Heater's tinwhistle.

The boys and girls were pleasantly surprised, about half past nine, by a short visit from two Senior boys who thought they could not lose their "Dignity" by dressing as "Kids."

The refreshments, which consisted of cake, ice cream and stick candy, the latter two, were in Senior colors, made a great hit, especially in the way they were served. The handles of the spoons were bent "baby fashion" and the napkins cut in the shape of bibs.

After refreshments, to the girls' and boys' great delight, they had their "picture took." There were petty quarrels as to who should hold the dolls, but all was settled satisfactorily and the pictures were fine.

Everyone departed at an early hour all hoping for another Senior party soon.

The Senior History

It was a bright, sunny morning, September 1, 1911. Our hearts were fluttering and at times they almost choked us. Why? Don't you know? We were about to undergo the stares and remarks of the upper classmen, who had gathered about the High school to watch the Freshmen go marching by.

Yes, we were Freshmen and a mighty class were we, numbering one hundred and eight. We wandered about the halls and classrooms, making mistakes 'tis true, however, we soon conquered our fears and buckled down to work. Following the example of the "Seniors," we elected our officers. Hon. Judson Zentmire was chosen president of the illustrious class.

Because of the trials and troubles suffered at the hands of the upper classmen and the vision of an early vacation, prompted the class to set the date for our first social gathering, for the last Friday before the Christmas vacation. Leta and Iva Sylvester proved beyond doubt their ability as first class hostesses. Decorations of yellow and white, the class colors, were abundant and beautiful. A very amusing and interesting program of considerable length was rendered by members of our famous class. This was the first of the many successful parties given by the class.

Two of our best musicians, Meryl Rutherford and Bailly Waltmire added to the splendor of the High School Orchestra. "Bill" Davis made the class and himself famous. He was and is considered one of the best High School football players in the state. Another famous member is Clark Tilden, star reporter, representing the Freshman class in the paper of world-wide renown, the "Spirit."

We had the pleasure of beginning our Sophomore studies in the new building and during this year we placed three men on the football team, Meltzer, Ricketts and Zentmire. Cora Willey was chosen president of the Neotrophian Literary society, organized by the Freshmen and Sophomore classes. "Bill" returned to us after a year's stay in Detroit, Mich. Thus endeth the year of '12-'13.

Juniors! Magic word! No longer do we step aside for anyone, not even the Seniors. Taking the lead in the New Dramatic class, we furnished the three greatest High School actors that ever faced the footlights, Hazel Johnson, Cora Willey, and the famous comedian, Harold Culp, who took part in the wonderful play, "The Rose 'o Plymouthtown." It fell to this magnificent class to furnish the basketball captain, "Bill" Davis. Cora Willey had been re-elected to lead the class for the second time.

Our "Reception" for the passing of the class of '14 was a grand success. Held in the High School Gym. An interesting

program was rendered by our group of actors and readers. Late in the evening, a delicious supper was served. Loney Raynes the noted photographer, took flashlight pictures of the gathering. Several of our members took part in the "Nautical Knot," an operetta given by the High School Chorus.

A merry throng gathered at the first meeting of the class as Seniors, this year. With due consideration and deep thought, we chose "Bill" Davis to lead the class on the last lap, in the race for diplomas. Our first great success in the social life as Seniors, took place in the High School Gym, December 18, 1914. People talked for weeks about the "Senior Pep" and the loyal way in which they appeared at the party. Since the first party was such a bright star in the "Senior Crown," we tried again and as a result, the celebrated "Kid Party" on March 19, 1915. Pictures were circulated as proof of the childish simplicity of the Seniors class.

Three graduates, "Bill" Davis, Joe Carr and Ponce Meltzer graduated at Christmas. Meltzer received his appointment to West Point, where no doubt we shall hear of his fame as a soldier boy. Vearl Heater assumed the duties of the late President Davis and he has shown remarkable talent as a leader. We, the Senior Class of Ames High, claim the most popular boy and girl in the High School, "Bill" Davis and Cora Willey.

Members have joined our class and some of our old classmates have left us. The mighty class approaches the final review, knowing that its members are worthy, made so by the excellent Faculty, whose untiring efforts have made it possible for the best, strongest and happiest class to graduate from the best High School in the best state, in the best country in the world—Old Ames High.

M. D. and G. W. W.

LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT OF THE SENIOR CLASS OF AMES HIGH SCHOOL

Know all men by these presents:

We, the Senior Class of the Ames High School, being of sound mind and memory and of body not quite so sound, because of the many nerve-racking hardships we have endured, being mindful of the fact that we are soon to leave these pleasant surroundings for a life of trials, tribulations, matrimony and soothing syrup, to take up those arduous duties and responsibilities of which we have heard so much in assembly speeches, do hereby make this our last will and testament.

To Mr. Hicks, for his belief in Ames High, in the young men and young women of Ames High, in the progress and future of Ames High, and in the institution in general, also for his disbelief and antagonism toward use and users of tobacco in any form whatsoever, we bequeath, our special approval of his attitude toward this.

To Mr. Caldwell, for his strict adherence to discipline and zealous enforcement of same and for his flowing oratory in assembly, we bequeath:

First, the absolute and undisputed right and privilege of making suggestions, rules and judging the veracity of tardy and absent pupils.

Second, the power to put under arrest any student caught trying to cut assembly in order to go down town.

Third, a special appropriation for a bottle of "High Grade" hair restorer.

To Miss M. Sprague, for selection and coaching of highly classical class plays, the management of the French Royal Opera, in the Metropolis of Kelley.

To Miss A. Sprague, for her superior historical and geographical knowledge, we bequeath, all our stubs of colored crayon for the purpose of drawing a new map of the East, at the close of the present European War.

To Mr. Henry Guise, a barrel of glue, and all the slim sticks, waste paper, and strings we can procure for the construction of kites.

To Miss McIlrath, for her great animosity toward gum chewing, three boxes of Spearmint already chewed.

To Miss McIntosh, an invitation to all Senior Class functions.

To Miss Coffey, authority to enforce order and candy eating in Phys. lab.

To Mr. Lyman, permission to write to all the teachers this summer.

To Miss Boyd, the good will of the class.

To Miss Crawford, a supply of red, green, and blue pencils for use in incorrect "Deutsch" papers.

To Miss Bray, the privilege of disagreeing with the author on all occasions.

To Mr. Pollard, directorship of the New York Symphony Orchestra.

To Mr. Dadisman, A correspondence course in agriculture.

To Miss Clark, exclusive privilege of serving refreshments in class.

To Miss Ford, an improved squawker for announcing her approach.

To Marie Moreland, one period each day for musical conversation with the other occupant of Professor Hicks' office.

To the Faculty in general, we give full and unrestricted privileges to ever sing our praises to our followers and to point to us as the most worthy examples of excellence and achievement.

To the Juniors, a free dose of nerve medicine to enable them to follow in the footsteps of their predecessors.

To the Sophomores, our affability and politeness to fellow students and teachers.

To the Freshmen, our refined manners in the Study Hall and Assembly.

To Roy Stewart, unlimited time in which to return Jessie Brook's date.

Inez Cretsinger, a supply of heart balm to last until the return of the students in September.

Dorothy Bowdish, permission to receive letters from Keokuk, as long as "Zeb" is there.

Lois Russell, and Gladys Kenley, some flesh reducer.

Helen and Winifred Raymond, first choice of the young men in the Junior class.

Smith, Van Duzer, Britten, McNeil, McCarthy, one more year to finish High School.

Lester Swearingen, opportunity to appear as tight rope walker at the Princess when no other entertainment can be obtained.

Gladys Ricketts, permission to voice her opinion on all occasions.

Leslie Flauher, privilege to think of some one besides Leslie.

Pete Pammel, for paying his dues so willingly for our entertainment this year, we refund to him the dues paid the last two years.

David Ghrist, instructions in etiquette.

Alma Martin, having graduated from the School of Scandalization, delivers her private tutor to Lura Gamble.

Pearl Apland, James Likely, Howard Hougland, Phyllis Summers and Ernest Risley, instructions in fussing.

Mildred Minkler, better grades, due to the absence of Clarence Smith, next year.

Leah Baker and Wallace Longworth, Three in One oil for voice lubrication.

Arthur Judge, presidency of National Board of Censorship.

Dale Pierce, a date with Marie Pettit and Margaret Lysinger.

Ila Wilcox, the honor of being a consistent fusser.

Because of the special confidence in the Board of Education and believing especially in their ability to give each beneficiary only what is due him and at the same time make said beneficiary believe he is getting the best end of the bargain, we hereby name said Board of Education as executors.

(Signed) CLASS OF 1915.

By J. R.

Witnesses: Jack Johnson and Jess Williard.

Ames High School Commencement Program

Friday Evening, May 14 - - - Senior Class Play
"Maid Marian"
Saturday Evening, May 15 - Junior Reception to Seniors
Friday Evening, May 28 - - - Class Day Program
Sunday Evening, May 30 - - - Annual Class Sermon
Rev. Howard W. Johnston
Friday Evening, June 4 - - - Commencement Program
Address by William Craig Wilcox



Class Day Program

High School Orchestra

Address - - - - - Vearl Heater
Class History - - - - - Glen Wilson
Solo - - - - - Cora Willey
Class Will - - - - - Arthur Heggen
By John Redditt
Music - - - - - Senior Quartet
Class Gifts - Walter Judge, Alma Martin, Rhea McDowell
High School Orchestra
Class Prophecy - - - - - Garnet Searle
Class Song - - - - - Written by REBA EDWARDS



Senior Class Play

"MAID MARIAN"

Under direction of Miss Mildred Sprague, High School Auditorium, Friday evening, May 14, 1915.

Cast

Patrick O'Gorman Walter Judge
Mr. Lancelot, musical composer Paul Melick
Mr. Peter, a business man, his friend Ole Fatland
Rev. Samuel Smedge, a vicar Clark Tilden
Herr Brahmson, music publisher Albert Husted
Lord Valentine Foxwell, a young dandy Baily Waltmire
Mrs. Leadbatter, a boarding-house keeper Garnet Searle
Rosie Leadbatter, her daughter Elizabeth Kooser
Mary Ann, "Marian" Meryl Rutherford
Lady Chelmer, a poor peeress Hazel Johnson
Caroline, Countess of Foxwell Jessie Powell
Lady Gladys Foxwell Cora Willey
Hon. Rowena Fitzgurge Rhea McDowell
Howard, footman Leonard Jacobson
Dicky, the canary "Himself"

A modern drama.
Time—Present
Scene—London.

Act. I.—Reception hall in Mrs. Leadbatter's boarding house. Time, 11:30 p. m.
Act. II.—Lancelot's bed-sitting room. Time, 5:00 p. m. (A month elapses between Acts I and II.)
Act III.—Same as Act II. Time 7:00 p. m. (A week elapses.)
Act. IV.—Drawing room of Vine Hall. Time 8:00 p. m. (Five years have elapsed.)

Music by High School orchestra under direction of Mr. Pollard.
Business Manager—Glen Carberry.

Senior Class Song, '15

Tune: "California and You."

Just four happy years ago,
We were freshmen, you all know,
Now Commencement is at hand
And we're Seniors, fine and grand.
To be through we're very glad,
Still we're just a little sad,
As we gather once again
And sing to you our farewell strain.

CHORUS

Ames High forever, is our slogan and our cry,
May the records we've made
Never perish or fade,
May our loyalty and fervor ne'er die;
And may we ever remember
True Alumni to be.
So three cheer for Ames High School
And then it's good-bye to thee.

Fifteens cannot be forgot
For the honor they have brought
In dramatics, football and track
Ever for the orange and the black
At home or across the sea
Our hearts will ever turn to thee
As we're thinking just once more
Of those happy days of yore.

Chorus—

—REBA EDWARDS, '15.



PRISON RECORD

WILLIE FEARNOT HARRIMAN—alias DOC: Height 5 ft. 10 in., weight 160 lbs., brown hair, blue eyes, broad shoulders. Doc was at one time paroled, but he loved our prison so well that he returned. He is as hard a working convict as we have in prison. He would rather put up fences than loaf. Good faithful prisoner. Served four years.

• • •

GOOD-FOR-NOTHING SEARLE: Height 5 ft. 1 in., weight 142 lbs. Plump, wears a number 5½ shoe. Curly hair (brown), blue eyes. Is a little fleshy. We have tried to keep her away from the twins because they make her walk to and from the Prisons and we are afraid it will ruin her frail health. A good convict. Served four years.

• • •

GUSTY WINDY OLSON—alias OLE: Height 5 ft. 10 in., weight 139; hair, a little reddish tint; eyes, of greenish tint; freckles. He is quite popular among the ladies, as his father owns a florist shop and he is continually bestowing his flowers on the girls. He is quite fussy and never thinks of appearing in public without first pressing his trousers and shining his shoes. He seems to have the impression that he is the inventor of electricity and the most noted physicist in the land; for this reason it was thought best to lock him up.

• • •

RATTLE HEADED SCOFIELD: Height 4 ft. 1½ in. White hair and face—hasn't begun to shave. Rather conspicuous nose. This child—for he is a mere child—is perhaps the fussiest of all prisoners. His complexion is remarkable as are his original jokes. He was never known to appear before ladies without having been previously groomed to perfection.

• • •

LIVELY JOYOUS SCOTT: Height 6 ft. Brown hair, blue eyes, ruddy complexion. He is rather bashful, which is accounted for by his having lived his entire previous life in the wilds. He was imprisoned—so the records show—for hunting jack rabbits with a steam engine. He has only been here a few months and will soon be released.

• • •

JERRY HARD-LOOKER CARR—alias "JOKER": This young man is 5 ft. 8 in. tall; weighs 160 lbs.; has black hair, black eyes, long arms, big feet and a very prominent forehead. He was conditionally released at Christmas and will receive his pardon this June. His chief occupation is gazing into a mirror.

• • •

HOPPING ALWAYS DAVIS—alias "HAZEL-NUT": This young damsel is about 5 ft. 4 in. tall; weighs 150½ lbs., has light hair,

small feet, green eyes and knows how to milk. She has never been paroled before. She will get her pardon this June and she will have the undivided regards of the entire Prison board.

• • •

MISPLACED FLUZZY RUTHERFORD: Height 5 ft. 1 in., brown eyes and hair—of woolly nature. Miss Rutherford is quite well known as she has recently been engaged in teaching fancy steps and the latest dances. "Student" is her special by-word and this we think explains it all.

• • •

DESPERADO SUMMERS: Height 5 ft. 2 in., light hair, blue eyes, weight 90 lbs., avoidupois. You will always recognize this prisoner as she wears the characteristic prison stripes. She is of a very sleepy disposition and to overcome this she combs her hair back tight enough to keep her eyes open. She has served five years owing to her unruly disposition, but since Miss Ada Sprague has become connected with the prison she has greatly improved.

• • •

WALRUS RIB FISH: 5 ft. 8 in., almost 90 lbs. inclined to be plump. 18 in. waist measure. Curly brown hair, sometimes. This fair young lady runs a flour-mill; this will account for her looking so pale because she has to be in and around the flour so much. Thinking of being superintendent of Orphans' Home when time is out in June.

• • •

BUZZING BEE CRETSINGER: 5 ft. 9 in. tall. Weight 114 lbs. Number 5 49/50 shoes. She is noted for being crabbie. She is in love with the prison. . . She says "I love the cows and chickens but this is the life." We had to call her down several times for talking but she's a good one. Served four years.

• • •

BED MATTRESS RICKETTS—alias "HICK": 5 ft. 11 in. tall, inclined to be fleshy, at least 19 years old, brown hair, combs it pompadour. Number 8 shoes. Weight 199½ lbs. Here is a vicious character. Beware!. He was paroled once in his second year for half year. But finally returned. He is very studious. He would much rather work Geometry than on the rock-pile. Has been with us four and a half years.

• • •

WELL BROUGHT-UP WALTMIRE—alias "BUSTY": 5 ft. 8½ in. tall, number 10 shoe, weight 135 lbs. Oodles of freckles, weakness for red hair. Would like to go fussing but never seems to step out. Served four years. One bad fault or habit with "Busty" is that he gets peeved at nothing.

JERKEY NERVOUS POWELL: Height 5 ft. 4 in. Weighs 101 lbs. Has black kinky hair and brown eyes. Is a dainty little lass. The only trouble we had with her was she was always talking and teasing the convicts. In case she would break the rules of the prison after her time is out, the place to look for her will be on the front row of the Princess Theatre. Served four years.

NUISANCE MUMBLING GRAY: Height 5 ft. 1 $\frac{3}{4}$ in., weighs 100 lbs. She is of a fairy kind, brown hair, and sky blue eyes. She is somewhat of a flirt. Chief occupation is chewing gum. She has had a good record while here. When asked what she was going to do when her time was up, she told us she was going to take "the home seekers" course at the college. Served four years.

REDEEMING EDWARDS: Height 5 ft. 4 in., weight 145 lbs. Curly auburn hair, yellow green eyes, inclined to be skinny. Noted for using slang. But has a good record in this prison. Her time will be out in June. We are looking for a good job for her but she says she wants to take in washings as she has a big family and husband to keep. If any one wants a good hardworking wash woman send your washing to "Redeemer." Served four long years.

CLEAN EATABLE SCOTT: Height 5 ft. 17 $\frac{1}{8}$ in., weighs 102 lbs., brown curly hair, and a morning glory blue eye, number 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ stockings. This young lady is pleasant to have around. She has asked Joe Anderson to go in partnership with her and buy the Ames Laundry as soon as her time is up. She was transferred from a small town prison to us. Has served nine months.

GET ME CARBERRY: 5 ft. 10 in. 19 years old. Tall and fleshy. Dark curly hair, huge ears and blue eyes. He came to us from the small prison of Panora. It was not strong enough to hold him so they say. But while here, he has proved a good faithful prisoner. His time will be out in June. Don't run if you see him coming, although he looks vicious.

CARE ABOUT NOTHING WILLEY: 5 ft. 2 in. 17 years old. Dark curly hair (sometimes), brown snappy eyes, short and....., wee hands. You will know her when you see her. She has served four years only. She is trustworthy. She associates with the other convicts a great deal, but they have no bad influence over her at all. We trust she will always keep this up after she leaves for the good of the community.

CANNOT BE GOOD McGRATH—*alias* CHARLES: This young man is about 5 ft. 7 in. tall, weight about 150 lbs. has light hair, long

arms and a very expressive face. His record while in this institution is to the writer's knowledge very good, among the teachers, but the other prisoners have always been jealous of him, due entirely to his inclinations towards persons of the opposite sex. He will be given an unconditional parol this June.

ALWAYS BABBLING MARTIN: This young lady is about 5 ft. 5 in. tall and weighs about 135 lbs. She has black hair and when she walks her arms swing like young pendulums. Out of pure and undefiled mercy for the convict her record will not be mentioned as it is the source of embarrassment to several other male convicts of this class.

DARING VILLIAN MOSES—*alias* MOSES: This young convict is about 5 ft. 2 in. tall and weighs about 120 lbs. Unlike most prisoners his hair is exceedingly long at all times. The reason for his being paroled is on account of the influence he would have on his fellow prisoners, as he once walked up town with a man who had some years before smoked a cigar.

PLEASE KISS MELICK: Height 6 ft. 1 in., black hair (that is it used to be, until he conceived the idea that he wished to be a peroxide blond), tantalizing black eyes, quite distinguishable feet???? On a whole his behavior has been quite irreproachable except for his "loitering" ways. In our department of dramatics he has taken a prominent part and has succeeded in making the great play of the season; but we are told he is greatly worried over certain parts—namely, the sentimental ones, although we're sure in ability he is not lacking.

LOVELY JACOBSON—*alias* "JACOB": This prisoner is about 5 ft. 6 in. high, weighs about 135 lbs., has broad feet and a head like a *tack*. While this victim has been paroled several times, he has succeeded every time in again being taken into custody. This young man's fate after his final parole is certainly questionable, as he has many habits, also an automobile that is liable to have a marked influence upon his career.

ABSENTMINDED THON: Height—not over six. Age—less than Miss A. Sprague. Hair and eyes beautifully blended with a slight tint of green and gray. Rumors are scattered to the belief that immediately upon her release she will enter into matrimony. If such be true, we offer her our best congratulations.

MOST ELEPHANT-LIKE HUSTON: Height 5 ft.; hair—medium; feet—not too large to walk on; age—this fair maiden has not

yet seen fifty summers. We are proud of this prisoner owing to the fact that she comes from one of the suburbs of Kelley. She has been quite a boisterous child, but lately she seems to have changed—the cause is unknown, unless it is because of a recent love affair. She will soon be released in good standing.

◆ ◆ ◆

LANKEY DUMB FRASCHE: This victim is about 5 ft. 6 in. high, weighs about 130 lbs., has black hair, dark eyes, also several other perfectly *new* features. For the past two years this young man has not been with us. Owing to some little technicality he was refused a pardon two years ago. He was then transferred to Denver where he worked 6 months behind the nine of diamonds, and is now returning in order to receive the last rights of a decent convict. His record while at Ames was just fair. What it was while in Denver we are unable to tell, but we do know, however, that a very noticeable external change has come over him just in the last few months. So the general public is hereby warned and notified of said change, and it is sincerely hoped by the wardens at least, that it is of such minor importance that it will have no great effect upon his vanity.

◆ ◆ ◆

EXTREMELY GAWKY KOOSER—alias BETTY: Height 5 ft. 5 in., blue eyes, brown hair, age 18 years. She is noted for her "Stormy" temperament, although no bad behavior has been reported while serving here.

◆ ◆ ◆

EASY GOING MELLOR: Height 5 ft. 3 in., dark hair, brown eyes, feet representing modern steamboats. She has almost finished her term of four long years, during which time she has mastered the art of fluent speech and we have great expectations of her along oratorical lines.

◆ ◆ ◆

JIGGLEY HEADED ZENTMIRE—alias JUDD: Height 5 ft. 6 in., green eyes, white hair, slightly inclined to kink, very dainty little feet. Scandal proof except for frequent escapades where he is suddenly found missing. He is not hard to trace, however, as his destination is always 807 Douglas avenue. His manner of escape is due to the fact that he is a trusty and is given the keep of the prison. Previous records being lost we are unable to state the cause of his imprisonment, but are glad to state that his term has almost expired.

◆ ◆ ◆

CLUMSY DREAMY TILDEN—alias TILLY: Height 6 ft., dark hair, dark eyes, freckles. He was out on parole the fore-part of the year for the purpose of broadening his mind. No improvement has been noticed, however. He will be released in a few weeks if he succeeds in mastering the art of reading time "correctly"

and not always being late. He was found guilty of "speeding" and we hope his being made an example of will be a warning to others in the future.

◆ ◆ ◆

ARTISTIC MUSTY HUSTED: Height 5 ft. 8 in., mouse colored hair, eyes of slightly blue tint, a little stooped, wears shoes about size 10.99, he is not so old as you should be led to believe at first sight. He has been here for nine months, was transferred here from Pennsylvania, where he had previously served three years. Records show that he was indicted and convicted on circumstantial evidence for not keeping a date. Let this case be a warning to others.

◆ ◆ ◆

FUSSY EMPTY SCOTT—alias FLO: Dark brown hair, brown eyes, height 5 ft. 5 in., and wears about five shoes. She too has been lately transferred here. She is faithful in all her allotted duties and if it were not for the hypnotizing effect of her coyness on the guards, she would be a model prisoner. She was imprisoned for the simple offense of "fussing."

◆ ◆ ◆

EGOTISTICAL AIMLESS CLARK—alias PETE: Brown hair, blue eyes, about 5 ft. 8 in. in height. Is distinguished by a few freckles on the bridge of her nose (these, however, are not visible owing to the liberal use of powder). This is perhaps the most notable and widely known character enrolled and therefore no further description is necessary.

◆ ◆ ◆

LOVE GONE RAYNES—alias LONEY: Height 5 ft. 7 in., blue eyes of greenish tint, medium brown hair, overlapping feet, about 20 years old. Imprisoned for stealing time and has served for five years. It is hoped that on his release he will still retain his nobility as the greatest German scholar ever produced since the time of "Zschokke."

◆ ◆ ◆

ROAMING RAVEN KELLEY: Height 5 ft. 2 in., weight 146 lbs. Hair is of a dark taffy color. She always wears a smiling countenance and she never tires of hard work. Has served here four years in this prison with a clean record. She is a very quiet girl and it seems queer that she could do anything to receive such punishment.

◆ ◆ ◆

MIGHTY NEAT SNOOK—alias RED: Height 5 ft. 3 in., weight 125 lbs., wears number 2 shoe. Thin lips, pointed nose, small eyes, light complected and an excess of fiery red hair. Has served two years in this prison. Rides ponies, bicycles and drives automobiles with great ease. Lives a still quiet life except for sudden outbursts into society which very much amaze the other inmates.

VERY WEARISOME MCCRAY: Height 5 ft. 4 in., weighs 145 lbs., 8½ shoe. Has an excessive growth of brown bushy hair, thin lips, small eyes and is very dark complected. Has been an inmate of this institution only 4½ months. Escaped from another pest house in Pennsylvania. As far as we know has always been a trusty prisoner, but shows slight flirtations with the fair sex.

◆ ◆ ◆

WILLING TOILSOME JUDGE—alias RED: Height 5 ft. 7 in., weight 165, number 8½ shoe, broad shoulders and very muscular, bright red hair. Pointed nose and very freckled face. Has served a term of four years. Red is a fine specimen of manhood. He must have done something terrible to get convicted to such a sentence. Red will leave this prison with one of the best of records from all the wardens. The only thing that mars his record is that no one found out he was an orator until he was about to receive his parole.

◆ ◆ ◆

HELPLESS LOVELORN MCCANNON: Height 5 ft. 1 in., weight 110 lbs., wears number 3 shoe. Has light brown hair, light complexion, with small eyes and nose, another one of our most trusty prisoners. Has never done anything to vex the surly wardens of the prison. This prisoner's greatest ambition is to be a Caesar of shorthand and typewriting.

◆ ◆ ◆

WILLING LOVEABLE DAVIS—alias BILL: Height 5 ft., wears No. 7 shoes, weight 155 lbs., short and stubby, has thin lips, pointed nose and long dark brown hair, wearing his hair combed straight back. Bill is a very silent prisoner, but nevertheless has a mind of his own. This prisoner plays quite a little football and baseball and is more widely known as "Bill" Davis.

◆ ◆ ◆

BETCHA JITNEY MELTZER—alias PONCE: Height 5 ft. 7 in., weight 165 lbs., wears number 8 shoe. Has large brown eyes, thin lips, pointed nose with a white complexion. Has served a four year sentence in three years, being paroled on good behavior. Ponce played a little football.

◆ ◆ ◆

CAREFUL MEANING SIMS: Height 4 ft. 4 in., weight 110 lbs., wears number 4 shoe. Has stubby nose with black hair and eyes. Has served her full term of four years. No one ever heard this prisoner murmur about her work, and she has in no way tried to shirk it. It is believed that she never received a cross or chastising word from any warden or guard.

◆ ◆ ◆

CHEERFUL LOAFER JUDGE—alias SWEDE: Height 5 ft., weight 145 lbs. Has freckled face, small eyes, stubby nose and light red hair. Has served a term of four years, always trusty and is never known to cause a disturbance. Little is known of this

prisoner in a society way except that he is always telling of the barn dances his father used to give.

◆ ◆ ◆

MALAPERT FEROCIOUS DODDS: Height 5 ft., weight nobody knows, sand colored hair, deep blue green eyes (small). We have to watch her closely because she gets desperate cases on the male convicts here in this prison. Never known to smile (?) or not even talk scandal. This is a very good characteristic. Her time is out in June. Served four quiet years.

◆ ◆ ◆

LIVING HEAVENWARD MCQUILLIN: Height 5 ft., weight 130 lbs., brown curly hair (if she don't forget the kids at night), brown eyes. The reason of her staying here in prison was that she borrowed some paper of one of the convicts. No reason for this because she is rich and anyway she can get it for nothing. She is noted for her intellect. Served four years. Time up in June.

◆ ◆ ◆

GONE WILD WILSON—alias STORMY: A modest young youth about 5 ft. 6 in. tall, weight about 140 lbs., wears a number 9 shoe and stiff collar. The relation that this youth bears towards persons of the opposite sex is unknown as he always does his fussing before or after prison hours. The record does not show that this victim was ever paroled, although it is generally known that he was near this point several times. After being given his release, he intends to go to Chicago; so we will probably hear from him again in connection with some other notorious prison. Here's hoping that he reforms.

◆ ◆ ◆

SORROWFUL ASPECT MATHRE—alias "MATHIE": This prisoner is about 5 ft. 7 in. tall, weight about 150 lbs., has light yellow hair and small eyes. His feet are small but of some very extraordinary texture. This prisoner has been a model for some of our most noted criminals, therefore we are all sorry to lose him on that account.

◆ ◆ ◆

HILARIOUS LANK JOHNSON: Height 5 ft. 9 in., weighs 162 lbs., beautiful yellow brown hair. Sunken worried eyes. Number 5 shoe. This young lady is very, very talkative. If any one is ever to capture this young lady as a prisoner, Beware! because she will hand you a good line of talk. It will take a very experienced detective to get her. She thinks she will go on the vaudeville stage, as she has had some experience along that line. Time up in June.

◆ ◆ ◆

REGRETFUL EVER MCDOWELL: Height 5 ft. 1 10/99 in., weight 130 lbs., yellow-brown hair—almost black, brown eyes, small ears.

She had some good fortune the last week of her imprisonment. She fell heir to five hundred cents, left her by her uncle. This is to start her up in business. She was almost paroled last week, but they were so glad she was glad over her fortune, they all rejoiced and are keeping her until June for fear someone will rob her. Served three years with us.



OSTENSIBLY SLIM FATLAND—alias "OLE": This convict is about 5 ft. 11 in. high and weighs about 160 lbs.; his hair is brown but his eyes are colorless. He wears a number nine shoe and is exceptionally good natured. He was, for three years, confined in a prison at the little town of Cambridge, but it seemed advisable to the authorities to remove him to the Ames prison. This youth has a very good record in prison, which we hope will prove an asset to him later in life.



HANDY FIBBING CULP: 5 ft. 6 in. high, weighs 160 lbs., brown hair and blue eyes. This man was on the Chautauqua circuit until he was captured. He is a splendid singer. He is an easy-go-lucky. But is always in an awful hurry(?) Served five years. Time up in June.



ALMOST ANCIENT HEGGEN: 5 ft. 6 in. high, weighs 130 lbs. Inclined to be stumpy. Dreamy blue eyes. He is of a poetical nature. We have to have a guard go about with him so as to prevent him from reciting poetry to the women convicts. This is when he thinks of poetry, when he sees the ladies. Served four faithful years.



BILLY SUNDAY GRIFFITH: 5 ft. 9 69/70 in. high, weight 143 lbs., light hair, blue eyes. Spindley and hungry looking. Don't feed him if you see him because he doesn't need any charity. He is an able-bodied person. Was raised on a farm near the prison. Occupation is a dog catcher for Marshal Ricketts, the reason of this is because he has a good long reach. Served four faithful years.



VANISH AWAY HEATER: 5 ft. 7 in. tall, weighs 160 lbs., light hair and blue eyes. Rather small for his age. He was crazy for summer to come because his choice is "Violets." Has tried to escape and go to Boone, but wasn't successful. Thinks he'll go to South Dakota back to the farm. Served two years.



COULDN'T LOVE SNYDER: 5 ft. 8 in. high, weighs 150 lbs., has brown hair and blue eyes. Here is a strong, robust young man. Never known to go fussing. He doesn't care for the fair sex, but is an awful flirt; that's why he is in here now, he tried flirting with a beautiful damsel and we had to take him in, much as we hated to. Good bright prisoner. Served four years.

EVER MUTTERING SUTTER: 4 ft. 6 in. high, 98 lbs. Large feet for her size. She is wee. Every night before going to Slumberland she would have some one of the convicts tell her about "Babe Moses." She has religious ideas all of her own. She was a nice quiet convict while here. Served two years. Came to us from the large prison of Kelley.



GROWING WORSE NILES—alias "GET": This prisoner is about 5 ft. 11 in. tall, weighs 155 lbs., has large feet and is very good natured. This young man was indicted with some imaginary crime, tried and sentenced by Chief Judge Hicks to four years of hard labor. He has served his sentence faithfully and now that the time of his pardon is at hand, he is ready to forgive his accusers and even the most vicious of the wardens.



JONATHAN ROUNDHEAD REDDITT—alias "JOHNNIE": A very domesticated youth of about 5 ft. 7 in. in height, weight about 160 lbs., has black hair and a pointed nose. It is not known where this convict came from, but it is thought that he was captured somewhere in the far south. His record as a prisoner is to be questioned somewhat, as he was twice paroled in one week by the same authority, but was both times imprisoned again. By barring some of his acts during recreation hours and overlooking some of his prison records, this institution could say that it was justly proud of once holding this remarkable prisoner.



Class '16



JUNIOR CLASS REPORT

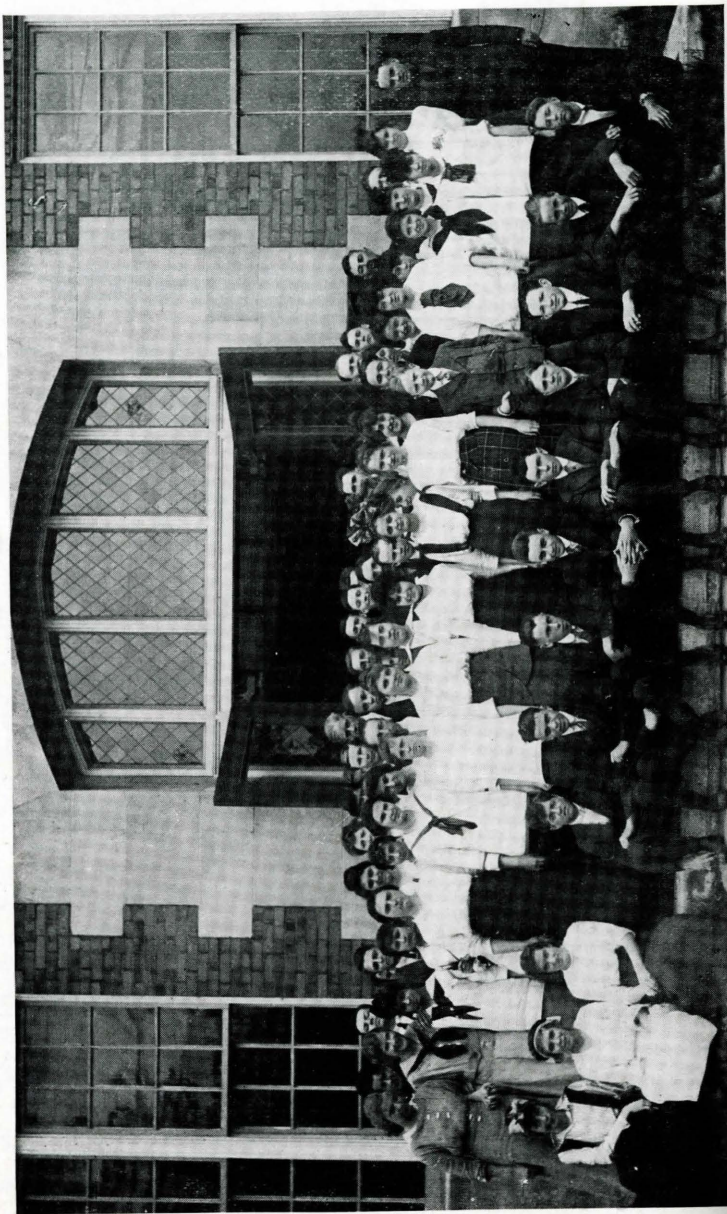
President—DOROTHY BOWDISH
 Vice-President—MARGARET LYSINGER
 Treasurer—HELEN RAYMOND
 Secretary—WALLACE LONGWORTH
 Reporter—ILA WILCOX

The Junior class gave a reception for the Seniors at Alumni Hall, May 15, 1915. A large crowd attended and the following program was enjoyed very much:

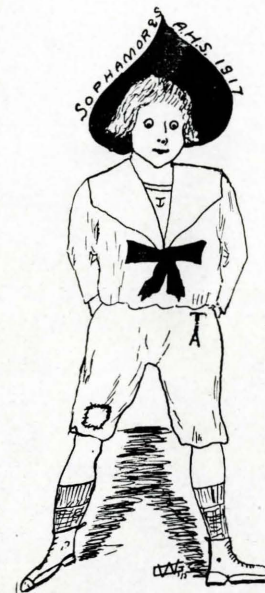
Music	- - - - -	The Quintette
Welcome	- - - - -	Dorothy Bowdish
Come Smiling	- - - - -	Junior Quartette
The Story of the Tack	- - - - -	Faculty Quartette
1915 Exhibit of Wax Figures		

Conducted by Madame Molderanace and Monsieur Mechanique
 Music by the Quintette during the evening while the people wrote in "Autograph Books."

The Junior class extend their best wishes for a successful future to the Seniors on their departure from the Ames High School.



Class '17



SOPHOMORE REPORT

President—HAROLD CROSBY
 Vice-President—RUBY WASSER
 Secretary—IONE RICE

Meeting on May 3, in Study hall at 4:00. A picnic was discussed and decided upon May 6 as the time and North Woods as the place.

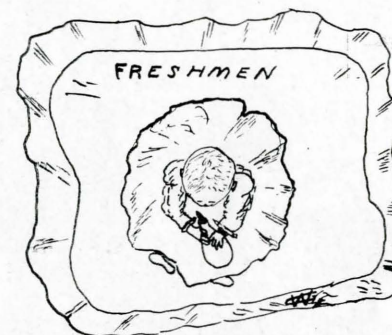
Chairman of the committee on eats—Josephine Wilkinson.

Chairman of entertainment committee—Paul Potter.

The picnic was postponed because of the weather.



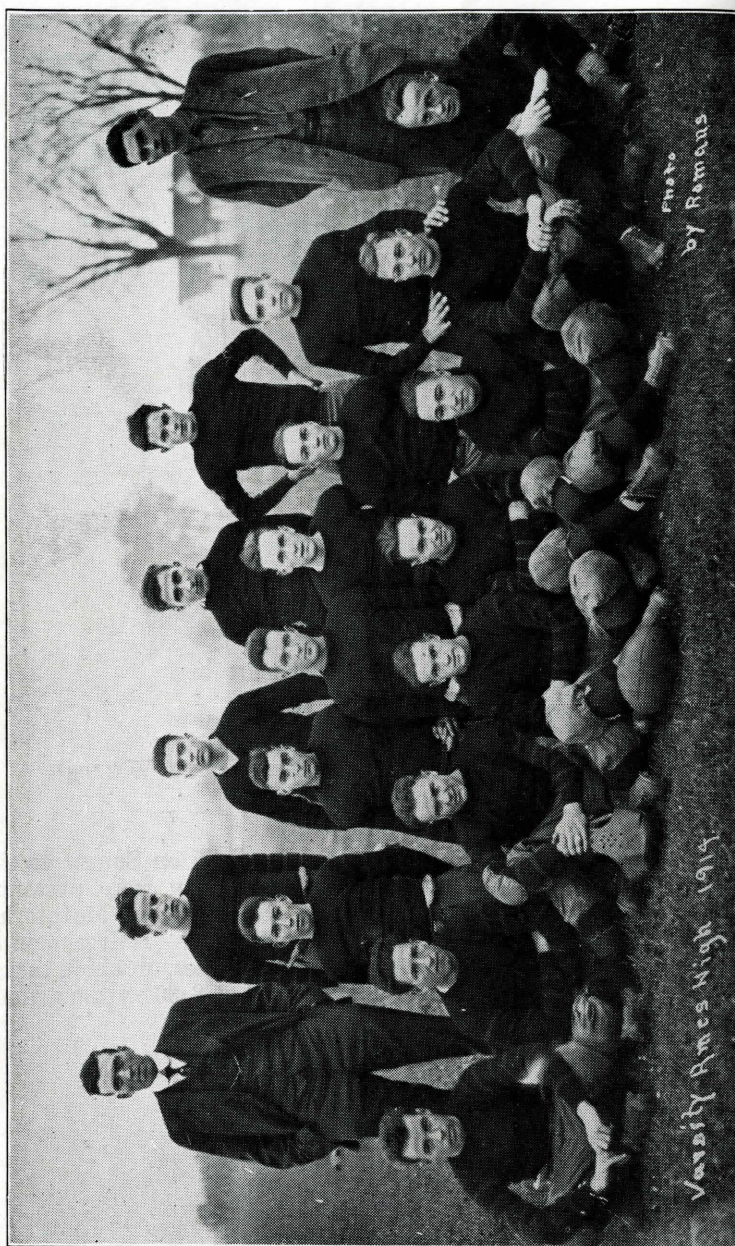
Class '18



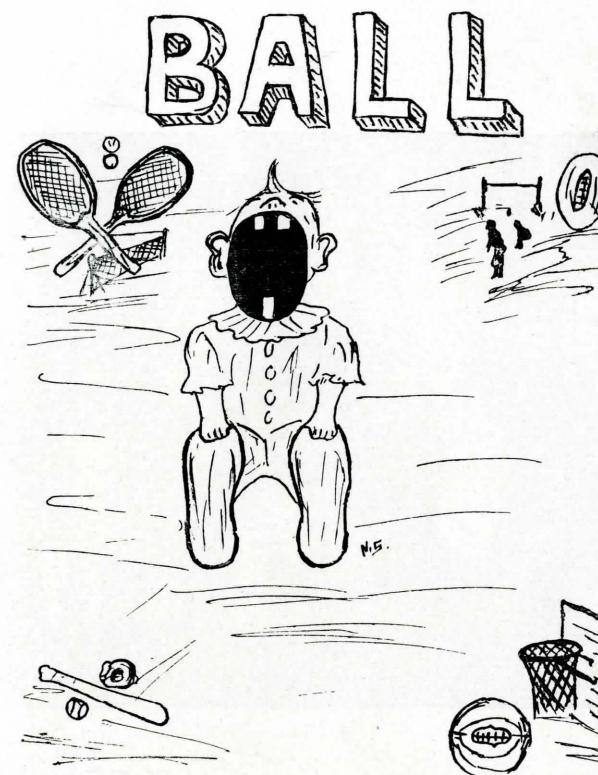
FRESHMAN NOTES

President—BEATRICE OLSON
 Vice-President—VICTOR BEACH
 Treasurer—HAROLD SEYMOUR
 Chairman—MARIAN TUCKER
 Chairman Social Committee—EDITH WALLIS
 Reporter—WM. MCCLURE

The Freshman picnic that was held April 25 on Squaw creek was a very jolly affair. About forty freshmen were present, chaperoned by Miss Coffey, Miss Mellrath, Miss McIntosh. Various games were played in which all took part. Refreshments were served consisting of the usual picnic eatables, of which there was an abundant supply. The party closed at 8:30 with a grand rush for the movies.



Page Forty-eight

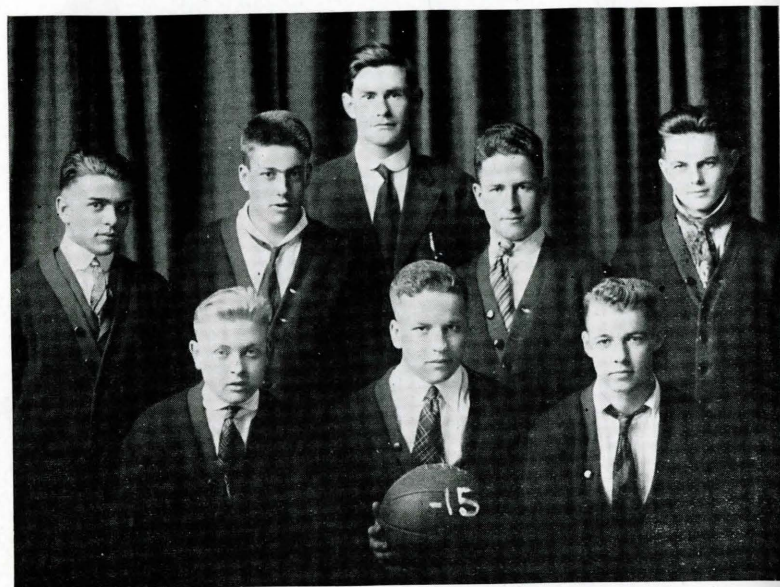


A Successful Year In Athletics

SYNOPSIS OF FOOTBALL

Eagle Grove vs. Ames, at Ames. Eagle Grove, 0; Ames, 26.
 Boone High vs. Ames, at Boone. Boone High, 0; Ames, 16.
 Perry High vs. Ames, at Perry. Perry High, 0; Ames, 47.
 Ft. Dodge vs. Ames, at Ft. Dodge. Ft. Dodge, 0; Ames, 7.
 Newton High vs. Ames, at Ames. Newton High, 0; Ames, 33.
 Webster City vs. Ames, at Ames. Webster City, 0; Ames, 36.
 West Waterloo vs. Ames, at Waterloo. West Waterloo, 13;
 Ames, 20.
 West High Des Moines vs. Ames, at Ames. West High, 19;
 Ames, 0.

Great credit is due to Coaches Lyman and Hansen. The coming year we have a fine bunch of veteran players to work into a championship team.



Coach.....W. E. LYMAN

Forwards.....{ LESTER SWEARINGEN
 { LESLIE FLAUHER

Centers.....{ WILL RICKETTS
 { GLENN CARBERRY

Guards.....{ DWIGHT BRILLEN
 { EARL QUADE
 { HAROLD PAMMEL

SYNOPSIS OF BASKETBALL

Juniors won the three games, in the Home Contest. Juniors High School champions.

Nevada vs. Ames, at Nevada. Nevada, 16; Ames, 21.

Boone vs. Ames, at Ames. Boone, 24; Ames, 19.

Ellsworth vs. Ames, at Ames. Ellsworth, 33; Ames, 19.

Nevada vs. Ames, at Nevada. Nevada, 14; Ames, 21.

Eagle Grove vs. Ames, at Eagle Grove. Eagle Grove, 39; Ames, 13.

Ellsworth vs. Ames, at Ellsworth. Ellsworth, 22; Ames, 30.

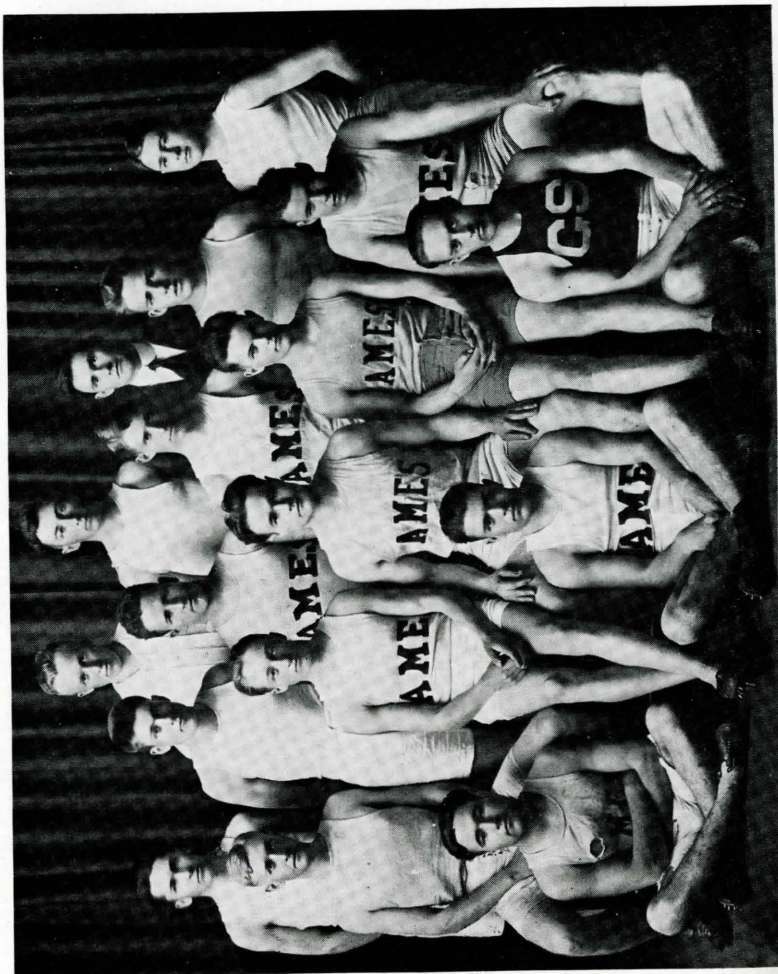
Lincoln High vs. Ames, at Ames. Lincoln High, 20; Ames, 6.

Eagle Grove vs. Ames, at Ames. Eagle Grove, 18; Ames, 14.

Boone High vs. Ames, at Boone. Boone High, 21; Ames, 14.

Ft. Dodge vs. Ames, at Ames. Ft. Dodge, 15; Ames, 4.

Our record for the coming year shall show a great improvement, as all the team will be seasoned players.



Track Team

HOME TRACK MEET

Freshmen-Juniors vs. Sophomores-Seniors

Held April 23

Cretsinger, captain of the Freshmen-Junior track team.
 "Chick" Heater, captain of the Sophomore-Senior track team.
 Dwight Britten baseball captain of the Freshmen-Junior team.
 Harold Culp baseball captain of the Sophomore-Senior team.
 "Cret" starred for the Freshmen-Junior team, with Swearingen a close second.

Heater and Husted starred for the Sophomore-Senior team.
 Freshman-Junior team won in the track work.
 Sophomore-Senior won the baseball contest.
 Carberry pitched for the Sophomore-Senior team.
 McNeil twirled for the Freshmen-Junior team.
 Score 14 to 4, in favor of the Sophomore-Senior team.



TRIANGULAR TRACK MEET

Boone, Marshalltown and Ames

On the I. S. C. Field

Boone made an exceedingly poor showing. Marshalltown won after a hard fight for their honors.

FIRSTS FOR AMES

Mile run—Husted. Time—4:17 1-5.
 100 yard dash—Heater. Time—:10 4-5.
 220 yard dash—Heater. Time—:25.
 Broad jump—Pammel. Distance—19½ ft.
 Half mile relay—Lerdall, Snyder, Pammel, Swearingen. Time—1:44.

SECONDS FOR AMES

Discus throw—McCarthy.
 440 yard dash—Swearingen.
 220 yard low hurdles—Swearingen.
 Half mile run—Husted.
 Shot put—Heater.
 High jump—Reins.

THIRDS FOR AMES

High hurdles—Swearingen.
 Pole vault—Ricketts.
 Shot put—McCarthy.



Honor "A" Men

1. WILL DAVIS, "BILL." Nothing need be said of "Bill," we all know "Bill."
2. VEARL HEATER, "CHICK." Sturdy, fast and true.
3. GLENN CARBERRY, "CAR." A whirlwind on the end, always there when needed.
4. BERNIS MELTZER, "PONCE." None better. Reliable, fast and clean in his defense of Old Ames High.
5. BERNICE RICKETTS, "HICK." The man at center—now and forever.
6. WALTER HARRIMAN, "DOC." Discovered last year in High School. A real player.
7. JUDSON ZENTMIRE, "JUDD." Fastest little man on the team. Worthy of a place on the All-State Team.

TO HONOR "A" MEN:

The Students of Ames High extend congratulations and best wishes to the Honor "A" Men. May their lives be as good and clean as the games they played for our School.—THE STUDENTS.



High School Orchestra

Director—WARREN E. POLLARD

Violins.....	{ MERYL RUTHERFORD DELMAR SCHAAL LURA GAMBLE MILDRED MINKLER
Clarinets.....	{ LONEY RAYNES OLE FATLAND
Cornet.....	BAILY WALTMIRE
Piano.....	MARGARET LYSINGER



ALUMNI.

Alumni Report

This issue of THE SPIRIT bids fair to be the "best yet." All alumni are glad to see it, and hope it will continue to improve.

A. H. S. alumni make up a good per cent of this year's graduating class at I. S. C. Of the class of 1911 are Constance Beardshear, Elizabeth Canaday, Robert Clark, Allen Flint, Muriel Griggs, Leone King, Vivian Linse, Charles Meltzer, Laura Niles, Winifred Perry, A. R. Stephenson, R. S. Stephenson, Robert Summers and Fred Hultz.

Of the class of 1910 are Frank Beach, Anna Deacon, P. W. Eells, C. W. Likely, Luella Madison, Nellie Noble and Doris Pammel.

Of the class of 1909 are Charles McDonald and Florence Willey.

Constance Beardshear, '11, was chosen May Queen.

Elizabeth Canaday, '11, wrote the Senior Class Play of I. S. C.

Floyd Wambeam, '09, is editor of the "Iowa State Student" this year.

Robert Graham, '06, is state veterinarian of Kentucky.

Eva Persons Crawford, '06, of Minneapolis, has been quite sick, but we are glad to say she is much improved.

Monah Talbott, '01; Leola Talbott, '02; Enga Talbott, '06, and Gladys Talbott, '09, are living in Los Angeles, California.

Harry Brown, '94, is the best insurance man in his company and in the state.

Dr. Lou Willey, '07, of the I. S. C. veterinary department was married April 28 to Miss Sadie Allison of Minnesota.

Dr. Ricketts, '07, is practicing veterinary at Zeoring, Iowa. He is also assistant state veterinarian.

Lyle Clapper, '07, is doing some extensive engineering work near Duluth, Minnesota.

Karl (Babe) Clapper, '12, the famous track man, is living on a farm with his parents in southern Minnesota.

Edith Ferguson Bielenburg, '06, after returning from a trip abroad, entered I. S. C.

Albert Fowler, '08, is assistant county auditor of Story county.

Irvin Meltzer, '08, is in Judge Lee's office studying law.

Merrill Manning, '08, is studying law at Harvard.

Vernon Tinsley, '08, is studying architecture at Columbia University.

Walter Summers, '09, is in the photography business at Maxwell, Iowa.

Florence Willey, '09, is teaching in the Red Oak High School.

Francis George, '09, is also teaching in Red Oak, Iowa.

Laura Jones, '10, is teaching at Dennison, Iowa.

Hermine Knapp, '10, is teaching at Manomony, Wisconsin.

LITERARY



"Betty Of Fallen Timber"

BY MERYL RUTHERFORD, '15

The life of a Northwest Mounted Policeman, is not a life of ease. It is in fact, filled with dangers on every hand, such dangers that require experienced men; men who are not afraid to lay down their lives for the sake of the right. He must be a detective and policeman in one and more often be skilled in all kinds of work.

Philip Lang was all of these things and more, he was a true gentleman, young and accomplished and a splendid athlete. His work was fascinating to him because it was spiced enough with danger to satisfy the most fearless and daring. Now as he stood in the chief's office before starting on his trip, he buttoned his flaming red coat with unsteady fingers, his dark brows straight and stern. The young boyish face, tanned with the wind and sun was ashen and the lips though held tightly together, trembled.

"It's a hard trip, boy, and you must need use all your training in the fight now before you. You are going into the most lawless part of the north and it is there and there only that our man can be found. He must be watched carefully, no mistake must be made in getting the wrong man. He is living under an assumed name, I feel sure. Remember that there are two brothers, a younger one who never did a wrong thing in his life. He is now about thirty; the other is a man past middle age—dark and handsome. Don't get the wrong man, Phil, if you do it is all up. Do not fail to question the superintendent of the Great West mills, and boy, remember if you are caught—there is no hope for you."

As the chief finished, the younger man drew his hand over his burning eyes and laughed harshly. The trip seemed to him to be one of needlessness and too full of dangers for one man to try alone—but his fearlessness for himself caused him to take the trip. He had been told that the man had a family, and there still remained in his heart a silent pity for the grief that must needs come to them if he found his man. Forgery lay at the man's feet and that is in the far north as big a crime as murder.

The man had been gone ten years, as was stated on the chief's books, and had never been heard of since that time. But word had come from a man who pretended to have known the man in days gone by, that he had discovered him in the Great West logging camp. The letter had been unsigned and it seemed to Phil Lang as though he were going on a wild goose chase, but he followed the orders of the chief and started.

All day long over trail and foothills he rode and not until the sun was sinking behind the misty mountains did he catch sight

of the camp. Back on the way he had stopped and removed his crimson coat for a somber black one such as any rider might wear, and now as he rode wearily up to the camp he appeared as many another man had, who had traveled on the same road in search of a job.

The logging camp was situated in a large clearing in the center of the vast forest of pine and spruce. It was composed of a large dining house, numerous bunk houses and store houses of all kinds and sorts. As Phil Lang rode up to the door of the chief's office, the groups of men around the yard made some terse remarks at the rider, who answered with ready wit of his own, and springing from his horse walked into the superintendent's shack. The faces of the men held bewildered looks, for never before had they seen a job hunter who seemed so much at home and who was so ready with his tongue.

The superintendent looked up with a sharp frown as the stranger opened the door, and with a weary move pushed the plans before him with impatient fingers.

"Well, sir; what can I do for you? Want a job peeling potatoes?"

Lang smiled and nodded, "Anything, sir, will do. I want a job for about two weeks, maybe less, anything I can do?"

"We need a water carrier, little man, but I might find a team for you to drive. Ever drive a team? Ever do any logging?"

"Yes, I guess I've done most everything there is to do. In fact, sir, I am here on business and I want a job while I am here to pass the time away."

The superintendent smiled and his eyes met the clear ones of the stranger. "Government?" asked the man and his face lit up with interest.

"A little, but you know how it is here in these woods, with so many French-Canadians."

"Frenchman?" asked the older man understandingly.

"No. Canadian, sir. Been lost for ten years. I think I've found him, though."

"Yes, yes," muttered the other and scratched his head.

The next morning Phillip Lang, in logging costume, joined the men at their work and passed off as a pretty fair tenderfoot.

* * * * *

Jim Gardner, a giant of a man, six foot six he stood, was as tender-hearted as he was big, and he had let his only daughter grow up in a sweet way of her own, loved by the simple-hearted people of the logging camp. The Gardner shack lay in the center of a delightful clearing, surrounded on all sides by high sunny hills, dense with fragrant pine and spruce. The house stood on a slight rise, and gradually sloped down to a glimmering little creek that bore the quaint name of "Fallen Timber," because

its banks were, in places, studded with noble trees, that had fallen beneath the surge of the early waters of many years.

For her seventeen years Betty was in mind quite experienced, for since her mother had died and left behind her husband and little girl, Betty had taken upon her shoulders the care of the home, which she kept for her father and brother, Abe. The father had taught her to cook and a neighbor lady had explained the mysteries of sewing to her, so now she was skilled in these things, and delighted in making her own clothes.

Jim Gardner, proud of his pretty daughter, bought her many dainty things which her skillful hands fashioned to suit her wild dark beauty. She was a dreamy girl and sought out lovely nooks—of which the woods of the far north are full—where she would sit by the hour and dream. One spot—her favorite—was a large flat rock a half mile from her home, and here in the soft warm afternoons, and dusky twilights, she loved to go, and climbing upon the rock watch the sun sink into the purple mountains, or follow with her eyes the many winding curves of the creek.

On the second day Phil Lang took a short circuit through the woods from the logging grounds, and after a walk of fifteen minutes he came to a little clearing in the forest. On one side it was bounded by the little river he had admired on his journey out. Now as he stepped into the clearing a strange sight met his eyes. Seated on a large rock by the edge of the stream was a girl and a dog. As he approached the dog stood up and growled threateningly showing ferocious white teeth. The girl reached out and drew him back meanwhile smiling a welcome, and Phil smiled in sympathy.

"Hello, little lady, are you lost?" This he said gaily when he had come quite near, and stopped waiting for an invitation to join her on the mossy throne.

Again she smiled and looked at him with unfeigned delight in her grey eyes. "No, sir; are you lost? If you are tired you may sit here for a few minutes." And she moved over, then continued: "Isn't it lovely, I mean the view from here?" With another smile at him she turned away and gazed across the valley, paying no further attention to him, until he had climbed up beside her and watched the setting sun.

A sunset in that far north is a rare sight, indeed, for it lights the vast heavens with a glorious light and drenches the pine forests in rose and lavender flames. After the sun had dipped into the purple mountains, Betty turned back to the man at her side and shaking her black locks laughed.

"You like it here, don't you? So do I and I wish I lived out here in these woods all the time instead of in a far distant village."

And Lang sighed quite solemnly, but the girl had slipped from the big rock and now stood upon the ground, her hand on the dog's head.

"Yes, I like it, sir, and it is always as beautiful, like a dream in the evening and reality in the daytime."

"Are you going away now? What is your name—Phyllis?"

Again she shook her head, "No, it is Betty. And yours?"

"Mine—Oh, they call me Phil, but is that all your name?"

"No, the rest is Gardner."

"What?" Phillip Lang spoke with a sharp frown and sprang off the mossy rock with such suddenness as to cause the girl to gasp in alarm. She moved slowly away from him, her hand grasping the dog's collar, and her face white.

"Don't be afraid, Betty—I thought—I mistook the name, that is all. Please forgive me for frightening you." And he smiled, his eyes holding the most humble contrition, inwardly his conscience said: "Yes, that is the name and this child is no doubt his daughter." A fact which made his heart turn cold. Betty soon departed with a promise to the young stranger that sometime she would show him her home and let him meet her father.

Three weeks passed swiftly. Lang made friends with Betty's father and brother Abe and with Jean LaPorte, the Frenchman who kept the post nearby. Jean was devoted to Betty and watched with a jealous heart the coming of the handsome stranger.

During the three weeks the mounted policeman had not been idle, letters of the most importance had been sent to his chief, and one day a governmental letter came to him, and Jean, with trembling fingers and a strange light in his eyes, steamed it open and read the contents. Thereupon he imparted his suspicions to Betty's brother. From then on Phill was tracked at night and whenever he and Betty went to the rock to watch the Aurora Borealis either Jean or Abe shadowed them.

Jim Gardner, unsuspecting, watched the two young people and shook his kindly grizzled head and patted Betty's curls with a huge rough hand. It is in the mountains among the giant trees and in the snow covered peaks one finds the true man. A man who will die for the right and face death with a smile of welcome. Often he is a grizzled bearded man, yet with a pure heart of gold. Jim Gardner was such a man—a truer heart was never found.

Jim had a brother somewhere—no one knew, no one cared—no one but Jim and often at night he would go out under the emerald sky and with his great form shaking, pray for mercy for himself and for the protection of his wandering brother. One night he was walking in the cool forest when he came to the clearing where the rock Betty loved so well lay, and there clearly

outlined against the sky he saw the form of Phillip Lang, rigid and straight. Suddenly as if in a spasm of grief the younger man cried out and then Jim Gardner shrank back with a low moan and covered his bearded face in his hands. Staggering he started home, his brain reeling and blank. He had been discovered, the whole theme of his anguish, and by a man he had come to love, with a love, only men of the forest can feel for one another—he went on toward his cabin a lost and broken man.

Phillip Lang turning and stepping off the giant rock moved slowly in the direction of the logging camp, his head hanging and his face blanched, near to him a twig snapped—he wheeled and not ten paces from him stood a man, his hands reaching for his pistol—the mounted policeman made a quick movement and his automatic came level with his waist line and Jean, for he it was, noting the taut muscles and knowing that Phillip's hand would come no farther, dropped his weapon back in its place and laughed. The man had revealed his identity to Jean in that last moment when his training had stood the test, for Jean knew well that the Northwest police were trained to shoot with their hands level with their belts. Again the Frenchman laughed but the other, his eyes hard and mouth set firmly, still held his rigid position.

"Jean," he said and his voice was as sharp as a whip, "why do you follow me?"

"M'sieur is mistaken, I do not follow him." Again the man laughed, and gestulated wildly with his hands.

"Yes, but you do, I've seen you before. Now Jean, cut it. I am on to your game and I won't have it, do you understand?"

Again the laugh came, low and full of malice, the Frenchman came nearer, his beady black eyes shining.

"Why do you talk so much with the little girl—Betty—M'sieur?"

"Shut up, Jean. Ah! is that why you follow me?" Lang's face grew dark with anger. The other smiled as if to himself and turning without a single word he slipped into the forest. His mind was made up, Lang must be done away with. Meanwhile Lang, angered beyond measure, strode homeward. The time for action had come, Jim Gardner must be arrested and Betty's heart broken. Over a hundred times he wished with all his heart that he had not undertaken the trip, and many times more that he had never been a government worker.

Only Abe and Betty knew the story of their father's crime, and in what way he might be saved, if he would only let it be known. But he deemed it unworthiness in a man to shrink from so plain a duty. His only brother, a handsome young lad, had by his carelessness and rashness wrecked the happy home of the elder brother. He ran away leaving his brother's name in

the mire of forgery, placed there by his own hand. The elder, because of his love for his brother and his youth, took the blame before the world and let the other go free and unstained. Taking his wife and two small children he fled into the vast wilderness hoping to escape the law. His wife, broken under the grief, died, and Jim Gardner lived on in the seclusion of the mighty forest, safe up until now—to be discovered just when he had hopes of never being known.

* * * * *

Jean came smiling and happy to the cabin door, and Betty opened it with a gay laugh, as he stepped within and leaned against the half closed door with folded arms. They talked of many things until at last the conversation turned toward Phillip Lang.

"He's such a good, strong, handsome M'sieur," stated Jean, his eyes narrowing. Betty, across the cabin busily engaged in some mysterious sewing, bent her head lower but Jean's watchful eyes noted the tell tale red.

"Yes," she rejoined. "He is handsome, and strong and—good."

"One's friends are not always true, Betty, and we should always be careful."

"What?"

"That's true and I must hurry along now. Abe is waiting. Adieu, little Betty, until later—I shall come again—again," and he went away while Betty gazed after him with terror filled eyes.

Suspicious had come, that for which Jean had waited and now he smiled secretly to himself. Betty, unable to endure the torture of her mind, fled into the forest, she knew not why, perhaps she thought she might find the unfaithful one Jean had mentioned. Instead she came upon Jean and Abe talking together—she crept nearer, and then she heard Jean exclaim in a quick voice and she shrank back—they meant to kill Phil—and then her brother mentioned her name and she listened again. When he had finished she waited until they had gone and then crept swiftly homeward. Her mind was made up, and neither her father or Phillip should die, that was, if her plan worked.

Betty locked the cabin door and running into her brother's room she hunted up an old suit of his, which she now slipped on. At last, attired in it she took a slouch hat from the peg on the wall, and putting it on, pushed her hair back underneath it. At a distance she knew that Jean and Abe would not recognize her for other than the man they were after, and in the moonlight especially. With a hard pounding heart she took a last look around the little cabin and then, with a resolute shrug, unbolted the door and stepped out into the glorious night.

High in the heavens the brilliant moon hung, and as she now looked at it she seemed to see a sad smile on its clear surface in

place of the merry one she always detected. But Betty did not dare to wait too long, so she skirted the clearing and walked swiftly where the rock lay, here she paused and looked up into the emerald sky. Miles above the dark forest there came a low hissing, as of many waters churning in a deep abyss, but she knew what it was and waited motionless. Here and there in the radiant sky a streak of orange appeared; suddenly the whole heaven was bathed in a crystal light. Now the orange was touched with pink, then red, lavender, blue and green. The Aurora Borealis was at its height. And with a little sob of awe and regret the girl impatiently pushed forward into the fateful clearing.

Abe on his knees across the little river, raised his rifle as the girl came into the clear light, but Jean, lying flat on a fallen tree, motioned him down with a quiet, "I wish to do that, M'sieur," and his rifle came up to his shoulder with a swiftness Abe had never observed before. There was a breathless pause, then a clear shot rang out and the figure among the fallen trees and the stumps, slipped down without a cry and lay there. Miles above the dark forest the orange, yellow and red played a merry dance. The Aurora Borealis hissed and sang in the emerald sky.

The two men rose to their feet, dazed at their deed, across the clearing all was as silent as death and neither doubted but what it reigned there. They slunk down the creek intending to cross there, and moved on, heads hanging.

Lang came whistling into the clearing and glanced toward the rock. Betty had not yet arrived, so he went forward more slowly. Twenty paces from the edge of the forest he stumbled across the body of what he supposed to be a man, lying face downward among the trees and stumps. With a muttered exclamation he fell on his knees and turned the limp body over. There under his hand Betty lay—Betty in a man's garb—dead. He slowly raised his head. Who had killed her—then a great light broke over his heart—she had risked her life for his. He lifted the limp form and carried it down to the shore of the creek she loved so well and laying her down he ran down to the water's edge. Two men came up at the same time and drew back in hushed silence as they met the stranger. This time the automatic of the man was ready first and the rifles fell from the nerveless hands of the two men. A hoarse voice broke the silence.

"You are my prisoners," it said and then continued in a monotonous tone: "Betty is wounded or maybe dead, get bandages and water quick, I know a little about surgery—hurry."

Terror stricken the men obeyed and soon they were rewarded by a faint sigh from the still lips. The bullet had entered the left shoulder instead of lower down as had been intended. As Betty slowly returned to consciousness the Frenchman rose to his feet and facing the policeman, asked:

"Who are you, M'sieur?"

"I am Phillip Lang, royal Northwest mounted police. The bullet was intended for me, was it not?"

"Yes, M'sieur, it was intended for you, but—"

Just then Betty opened bewildered eyes and seeing her brother bending over her she clutched him weakly and with wild eyes, gasped:

"You didn't kill him, did you, Abe? He isn't dead, is he?"

And the man answered for himself: "No, he isn't dead Betty—but he is going to avenge the wrong committed against you."

"Oh," she cried. "You won't send him to prison will you, Mr. Lang. Tell them to go away—I want to ask you something."

And when they were alone she said: "I don't suppose I will live—but please don't send Daddy to prison, will you? They said you were going to and—and—I would rather have you die than have him go to prison for a day for something he never—"

"What was that?" cried Lang, on his knees beside the girl.

"Nothing—but you won't, will you?"

"Betty," said the man solemnly, "you were—you offered your life for mine and I want to show you how grateful I can be and what it means. If I can help it he shall not go to prison—because I will resign and then he won't be sent through my help and I will do everything to keep him from there."

"Daddy didn't do it—but the man isn't known to anyone but Daddy and the man himself, he was—he is—" she got no further for she lost consciousness.

Hours later she woke up in her own room in the little cabin she loved so much. By the bedside sat her father, his kindly face haggard and worn, but with a look of infinite peace upon it. The big man patted her hair with loving fingers and in a voice hardly audible said:

"It's all right, Betty, I am free from that stain. Your Uncle Bob came last night and gave himself up to the policeman—to Lang. It must have been hard, Betty girl, as he was spent when he arrived and—"

"Daddy Jim, where is he?"

The gray head drooped. "He is—he is dead, Betty girl."

"Daddy, did they kill him?" she gasped horrified.

"No, Betty, he died as Lang put the handcuffs on his wrists. It was a weak heart—consumption." There the old man paused, while his daughter sobbed quietly.

"But we'll be happy now, Daddy Jim, and—"

"Yes, we'll be happy Betty." But it was not her father's voice it was Phillip Lang and he now came to the bedside. A

faint color rose in the girl's white face. "But you will still be a mounted policeman, now that you cannot be disgraced?"

The man shook his head and said quietly: "No, Betty, I can not be that—a married man can never be a Northwest royal mounted."

"But—but you don—"

"Yes, I do, Betty, and now we will say no more about it—but it has all come true, as you said you knew it would some day if you trusted. I will go back today and hand in my resignation, not because of disgrace but because of you, Betty—because, as I mentioned before, a married man cannot be a royal Northwest mounted policeman."

"Life"

By CLAUDE SCARBOROUGH, '17

(From Emerson's words: "Life is a train of moods like a string of beads and as we pass through them they prove to be the many colored lenses which paint the world their own here.")

Life is the state of existence. The length of time a person can live is governed by the way a person cares for his body. Life is like a string of beads having many different colors.

I can see white head this life string, as that color is an emblem of purity and simplicity. The small, innocent baby is heralded into a powerful world although it is very helpless itself. I can see the bead of white glow, signifying the child is in perfect health, but suddenly the luster grows dull. This shows an illness has overtaken the small babe. The dullness gradually begins to glisten again, as though a powerful dynamo were started. This machine, at first makes the lights very dim, but as the great monster gains speed the glare grows unbearable.

As the child grows older I can see another bead form. This bead, although like the first in the start, begins to develop a slight color, seemingly a delicate pink. Other beads develop now with great rapidity; and as each bead is formed a new color is made which is still a pink, but nearing a light red.

The child enters school, and other colors are earned as each new definite thing is learned. Knowledge is gained and the grades are passed with the number of colors steadily increasing. The hues already mentioned seem to get more and more into focus causing a beautiful clearness in each bead.

The person enters high school, and, as in the grades, the life string is lengthened. I can see the four years of this school end with many beads to the person's credit, each having a different color. With all these beads and assortment of colors, the life string is yet short, and much cord is left for more beads. I can see the ends of some person's strings tied as a symbol that this person thinks he is past learning more; while others keep adding as though they would never stop.

I see the persons enter college and, as usual, new beads with different hues appear. In four short years the course is finished and the person is ready for a life work. Multitudes of colors are now in the string. Some are lustrous, some are blurred, but the latter will soon become focused.

The person now enters a life work and the beads come more slowly, only as experience teaches. At the age of twenty-five, I see the luster at the highest degree and continuing this way until the age of thirty is reached. Suddenly a row of black beads appear and I see plainly a period of deep discouragement.

ment. I see the discouragement grow deeper when, all at once, beads appear which totally eclipse the black beads leaving, once more, an excellent life string. The beautiful brightness of color continues for many years; then I can see the color fade, although the luster is as bright as before. The fading continues, showing the person is growing old. I see, to my wonder, that many of these faded beads are added and the wonderful bright beads of before continue to be bright. Then I see the lights grow bright again and suddenly, extinguish. The failure can only be expressed with one very, powerful word which is "Death."

After life has gone, I see the strings light up again and in seems to gain a permanent form like the setting of glue. The string starting at one end, or birth, is small and gradually, grows larger until at a climax; then decreases in size until the same as at first. This slow making of this magnificent string is remembered only by a very steady and beautiful glow which remains forever.



Miss Ford in English IV: "You can see stars when looking up from a deep well."

Vera Crosby: "Why, I don't see how that can be."

Ruby Wasser (stage whisper): "Throw a brick down."

* * * * *

Miss Bray in English VI: "Lester, give me a cognate object."

Lester S.: "He coughed a cough of a coffee cough."

* * * * *

Mr. Quade (to Lois Russell while posing for "Spirit" picture): "Will you please get on an intelligent look?"

* * * * *

Miss Crawford (Germ.): "Tell me two ways to give a date."

* * * * *

Ethel Barker (translating Germ.): "He gave a speech on 'The creation of the entire world in a small village school room.'"

* * * * *

Miss Bray said she was afraid she would have to quit school on account of her eyes—It isn't a baseball *diamond*, understand, that we are talking about.

* * * * *

Miss Sprague (in Am. Hist.): "What can a person be impeached for?"

Willien Wish: "Breach of promise."

* * * * *

Ella Clark (in Chem.): "What is spook yeast?"

Mildred Dodds: "Well, I don't know, but I think it is some that raises after dark."

* * * * *

"Marie, where do you usually put your lunch?"

Marie Judge: "In the buggy."

* * * * *

Ella Clarke (translating Germ.): "She hovered on an unsteady rock."

* * * * *

Quintin Fernandez (to Miss Coffey): "Is hard water ice?"

* * * * *

Doc Harriman (in Germ. translation): "Spiritual alcohol."

* * * * *

Mick C. (speaking to Clarence Smith about the lesson, rather prolonged).

Miss Ford: "That must be a long lesson."

Mick C.: "It's a review."

* * * * *

Miss Bray had each one bring a dime for a paper in English. She was stacking them up in piles (dimes).

Glen C.: "Have you your dime-on?" (diamond.)

Miss Bray: "No, the teachers get them free."

* * * * *

Neta Snook: "Why, where I lived we have such bright are lights on our corner that we have to sit behind the porch post."

* * * * *

Mr. Lyman (in Commercial Law): "What is a workman's lien?"

Hick R.: "His shovel."

* * * * *

Mr. Caldwell: "Why were you tardy?"

Bill R.: "School started before I got here."

* * * * *

(In English 8 on Friday, April 1.) As Miss Bray sat down at her desk, something was discovered; something bright and sparkling (just new). Of course, it belongs to her now. A few whispers were heard about the room.

Miss Bray (rising): "Well, what is the *joke*?"

Everybody knew by this time what the joke was. And so did Miss Bray. She sat down and her left hand and the bright sparkling rays disappeared under the table, and she blushed but called the class' attention to the lesson immediately.

* * * * *

Dale McCarthy (in Ancient Hist.): "He killed thousand of Christians and it took them years to recover."

* * * * *

If Beatrice Olson went to a summer resort would it be Victor Beach?

* * * * *

The Faculty quartet sang in assembly a song entitled "The Lost Sheep."

Everyone enjoyed it very much.

Junior: "Wasn't that a pretty song they sang?"

Glen C.: "Yes, but I should have thought they'd felt 'sheepish'."

* * * * *

Pecky McNeil: "Dave, if you were to become an insect, what kind would you prefer to be?"

Dave Ghrist (yawning): "A bed-bug."

* * * * *

Glen C. (handing Miss A. Sprague an unexcused slip for afternoon work).

Miss Sprague: "This isn't a very good one."

Glen C.: "It's the best I could do."

* * * * *

A Soph.: "Miss Ford said I was stupid, I'll explain why."

The Freshman said: "You don't need to bother, because we know why."

* * * * *

Prof. Dadisman in Ag.: "What tree is thickest with leaves?"

Albert Husted: "Chemistry." (Chemis tree.)



"DEUTSCH" JOKES

Bailey W.: "The master of ceremonies goes out to land (invite) the guests for the wedding."

Clarence S.: "The students in the German Universities are called "Sons of Moses" (Sons of the Muse).

Mildred Huston: "He jumped upon the horse of a *killed* Frenchman."

Ruth Kelley: "Among his oppressors" (apprentices).

John Reddit (translating while the steam is making considerable noise).

Miss Crawford: "John, I can't hear a word."

John: "Well, I'm doing fine."

Albert H.: "Charles' ancestors inherited this title from him."

John R.: "Franz laid down the German *throne*."

Cora Willey: "The story 'Der Zerbrochene Krug' is taken from a picture of a woman holding in her hands a broken jug, a young man, and a girl."

Verne M.: "The elders mixed in the quarrels of the *youngers*."



WOULDN'T IT SEEM QUEER IF

Bailey had black curly hair.

Miss Bray wouldn't get peeved so easily.

For Sallie not to go to the Princess daily.

Gladys Kenley to get a bad case.

Quentin Fernandez not to be prepared on his lessons.

Pecky McNeil's name was Verr Nunamaker as he tried to make the notary public believe.

If Hick R. really gets to graduate.

Glen Morris didn't have chewing gum for the girls in 4th period study.

Laurence Murphy would just happen to get short and fat.

Glen Wilson went with another girl.

Francile would make her auto into a "Jitney." Go ahead and start it. People seem afraid to stare one here.

AUTHORS IN ENGLISH VIII

"A SAD STORY FOR BOYS"

After the talk given by Mr. Hicks on usage of tobacco, two high school boys went down town. One of the boys said to the storekeeper. "I have some money to *Spencer*, I want a *Bobbie Burns* cigar."

After getting on the outside he said to his friend: "I forgot to ask if you smoke or *Chaucer*?"

The boy said: "Neither."

George *Crabbe*(d) around for a while then he said: "Oh, come on, and try it. *Everyman* smokes or chews."

"*Wyatt* do you think I am. I don't want to smoke or chew. I'd rather *Steele*."

George finally persuaded him to smoke. They climbed up in a *Surrey* in the alley. Soon George's friend was a sick boy. George said to him:

"Do you want me to go get your mother?"

"Yes," replied the sick boy, "go and *Hunt* her and *Fletcher* her here."

Swift, *Gray* things rushed by his eyes and he heard strange *Ballads* as he lay there.

"I can't find your mother but your sister and brother are there."

"*Ascham* if I'll get the *Dickens* if I come home?" said the sick lad.

No use to say what happened that night. The next morning he started out a *Newman*. And he said: "no *Moore* for me."

—GLADYS RICKETTS.

SOME DEFINITIONS

Accident—A condition of affairs in which presence of mind is good, but absence of body better.

Advice—A commodity peddled by your lawyer and given away by your mother-in-law, but impossible to dispose of yourself. Famous as the one thing which is "more blessed to give than receive."

Good Advice—Something old men give young men when they can no longer give them a bad example.

Affinity—Complimentary term for your husband or your wife. Sometimes a synonym for "your finish."

Afterthought—A tardy sense of prudence that prompts one to try to shut his mouth about the time he has put his foot in it.

Age—Something to brag about in your winecellar and forget in a birthday book. The boast of an old vintage, the bugaboo of an old maid.

Alcohol—A liquid good for preserving almost everything except secrets.

Allopathy—From English *all*, everybody, and Greek *pathos*, pain. Pain for everybody.

Homoeopathy—From Greek *homoios*, same, and *pathos*, pain. Pain, just the same.

Argument—Breaking and entering the ear, assault and battery on the brain and disturbing the peace.

Artist—Commonly, the individual long haired and short-suited, having a positive pose and an uncertain income. Often shy on meal tickets but strong on technique and the price of tripe sandwiches. An artist may be a barber, a boot-black, a Sargent or a Paderewski.

Athlete—A dignified bunch of muscles, unable to split wood or sift the ashes.

Bill-of-Fare—A list of eatables. Distinguished from Menu by figures in the right-hand column.

Blubber—The useful product of a dead whale. The useless product of a live baby.

Borrow—To swap hot air for cold coin.

Brand—Something carried on the hip, by either beast or man. Can be found on the outside of a short, red steer, or the inside of a long, black bottle.

Broke—A word expressing the ultimate condition of one who is too much bent on speculating.

By-stander—One who is injured in a street fight.

Cafe—A place where the public pays the proprietor for the privilege of tipping the waiters for something to eat.

Cannibal—A heathen hobo who never works, but lives on other people.

Cavalry—That arm of the military service that engages in the real hostilities.

Cemetery—The one place where princes and paupers, porters and presidents are finally on the dead level.

Chauffeur—A man who is smart enough to operate an automobile, but clever enough not to own one.

Civilization—An upward growth or tendency that has enabled mankind to develop the college yell from what was once only a feeble war-whoop.

Cook—A charitable institution, providing food and shelter for policemen.

Credit—Something for nothing.

Creditor—Something with nothing.

Dachshund—A low-down dog.

Debt—A big word beginning with Owe, which grows bigger the more it is contracted.

A word to the wise is useless.

"Early to bed and early to rise,
Makes a man a farmer."

Echo—The only thing that can cheat a woman out of the last word.

Exercise—Bodily exertion requiring a \$10,000 gymnasium, a ten-acre lot and impossible raiment. Originally confined to the wash-tub and the wood-pile.

Fly-Screen—An arrangement for keeping flies in the house.

Where there's a will there's a law suit.

History—The evil that men do.

Hotels—A place where a guest often gives up good dollars for poor quarters.

Idiot—One who is just out of ideas.

Jam—A pantry composition in A minor.

Judge—One who sits on a bench in a court, frames sentences and finishes crooks for a living, and swears continually.

Jury—Twelve men chosen to decide who has the best lawyer.

Manners—A difficult symphony in the key of B natural.

Mosquito—A small insect designed by God to make us think better of flies.

Nature—The author of "The Seasons," an interesting work over which Spring pours, Summer smiles, and Autumn turns the leaves while Winter catches the drift of it all.

Neck—A close connection between chin and chest, used for the display of linen, silk, furs, jewelry and skin, fitted with gullet, windpipe, hunger and thirst, and devoted to the rubber industry.

Nose—A prominent member of the face family, usually a Greek or Roman, who owns the shortest bridge in the world. He is often stuck up in company, but frequently blows himself when he has his grippe along. Principal occupation, sniffing, sniveling, sneezing, snorting and scenting, intruding in the neighbor's affairs, stuffing himself without permission and bleeding for others.

Optimism—A cheerful frame of mind that enables a teakettle to sing though in hot water up to its nose.

Parents—One of the hardships of a minor's life.

Pass—A form of transportation issued free to those who are quite able to pay.

Parrot—An individual who can never be held responsible for what he says.

Pin—The best dresser in a woman's acquaintance—of remarkable penetration and true as steel, seldom loses its head, follows its own bent and carries its point in whatever it undertakes.

Snore—An unfavorable report from headquarters.

Sun—A yellow arrival from Way Down East, who goes west daily, operates a heating and lighting trust, draws water, prints pictures, develops crops, liquidates the ice business and tans skins on the side. Profits by his daily rays and always has a shine.

Tailor—One who takes your measure on first sight, gives you a fit, sews you up and follows suit until paid.

Tennis—A game in which the participants enjoy a racket on the side and raise the deuce over a net, while the volleys drive them from set to set and love scores as often as it's mentioned.

Tips—Wages we pay other people's hired help.

Transfer—A small bit of paper of remarkable strength, being able to carry a heavy man several miles.

Umpire—No jeweler, but a high authority on diamonds.

Usher—One who takes a leading part in a theatre.

Waiter—An inn-experienced servant.

Wedding—A trade in which the bride is generally given away, and the groom is often sold.

Yawns—The air-brakes on a sleeper.

The three sweetest words in the English language:
"Enclosed Find Check."



Page Eighty

NO MATTER

WHAT your needs
are you are sure
it find it here.



Quality the best.

Prices the lowest.

Jacobs, Valentine Co.

THE FAIR

THE ARBOR

A cool place for cool things daintly served

Exclusive agents for

FOSS' and WHITMAN'S CANDY

AMES INN

CANDY, FRUIT AND ICE CREAM

DEPARTMENTS

Adams Furniture Co.

LARGE STOCK TO SELECT FROM

Agents for the Hoosier Kitchen Cabinet and

Globe-Wernicke Book Cases

D. E. PARSONS

HARNESS

Trunks, Bags, and Suit Cases

Quality College Illustrations



Quality Art

The same exceptional skill is displayed in "J. & O." College art work and designing as appears in their high grade commercial book.

250 Skilled Artisans

Quality Plates

All "J. & O." College plates are carefully re-etched; that is why they print better than others. They are also delivered on time.

Day and Night Service

JAHN & OLLIER ENGRAVING CO.

CHICAGO

Atlanta

Davenport

Des Moines

Minneapolis

South Bend

Your Money Will Earn
7 per cent and 8 per cent

7%

invested in first mortgages
in Ames City improved
real estate. We have
never had a loss. Inter-
est paid promptly. Value
of property three times
amount of loan. We
have loans of \$150.00 to
\$10,000.00.

Write or call and see us.

Commercial Bank

THE WHITE BANK

Ames, Iowa

M. A. Manning, President

T. W. Manning, Cashier

TOILET ARTICLES

Stationery

School Supplies

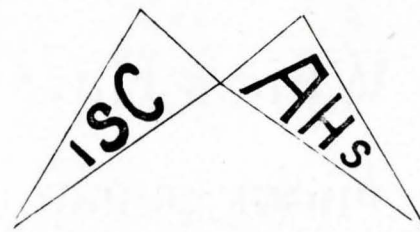
Judisch Bros.

J. F. OLSAN & SON
Florists and Seedmen

Ames, Iowa

5-10-25c. Store

School Supplies, Notions
and Candy



Ames Shining Parlor
See Geo. D. Kolian

and get the best shine in town.

Hats Cleaned and Blocked

All Work Guaranteed

BUY A
Green Furnace

AT
A. L. White's Hardware
PHONE 28 RED

Union National Bank

AND

Union Savings Bank

AMES, IOWA

W. M. Greeley, President

C. L. Siverly, Cashier

S. A. Knapp, Assistant Cashier

ESTABLISHED 1883

The Style Shop

INVITES YOU

To inspect our complete line of Summer Wearing Apparel
including Smartly Tailored Suits in

PALM BEACH

Lingerie Dresses in Nets, Voil, Lace Cloth and Knob
Voile. Wash Skirts in Pique, Satine, Repp, Palm Beach
and Crash.

BLOUSES

Our line of Blouses are too varied to describe.
This complete line embodies everything new and
nobby in the market today.

"Style Better"

314 MAIN

"Price Less"

L. C. TALLMAN
JEWELER
AMES, IOWA

L. K. SANDERS
Plumbing, Heating and
Repair Work
PHONE 42 324 MAIN

For Shoe Repairing
Go to
ROUP'S SHOE SHOP
Phone 297 Black 112 Main Street

McCawley Plumbing Co.
(Incorporated)
Steam, Hot Water Heating
AND MODERN PLUMBING
S. A. McCAWLEY, President AMES, IOWA

GUARANTEED

SHOES

C. C. Tallman
NORTH SIDE MAIN STREET

Best Electrical Co.
Everything Electrical
Phone 123 Black 110 Main Street

WATCHES

DIAMONDS

C. W. DUDGEON
JEWELER
Victor Victrola Dealer

AMES

IOWA

Fancy Groceries at all times at—

W. H. POOLE'S

—Phone 26, Ames, Iowa

TO MAKE GOOD PICTURES
ANSCO CAMERAS
 Ansco Films, Cyko Paper
 ARE THE THREE ESSENTIALS
Ames News Stand

No Graduation Present is Better than
A Kodak \$6.00 to \$74.00
The Bosworth Drug Store
 134 MAIN ST. AMES, IOWA

CALL GROVE'S
 FOR GOOD THINGS TO EAT
 Phone 55

CANDY
 We just received a fresh line of box chocolates—
 suitable for Graduation Presents—from \$.40 to \$2.50
 Ask to see the **BEAUTY BOX!**
HOME MADE CANDY
HOWARD ADAMS



Our Daily Work

depends largely upon our Daily Bread, therefore it ought to be the most particular item on the table. There is no reason why your bread should not always be light and sweet and white, when you use

"PURE QUILL" or
 "Pillsbury's Best"

Flour. Our prices are always attractive, and satisfaction guaranteed. Deliveries to any part of the city.

We also carry a full line of Poultry and Mill Feeds. **QUALITY UNEXCELLED.**

Roland-Gilchrist Coal Co.
 Phone 232 Kellogg Ave.

TWIN STAR THEATRE
 UNIVERSAL MOVING PICTURES
MATINEE EVERY DAY
 Don't fail to start

"The Broken Coin"

Featuring Francis Ford and Grace Cunard

The Home of Shoes That Satisfy

Whether you want them to stand in, to walk in, to dance in, to talk in—we have them.

BAUGE & ALM

SOUTH SIDE MAIN ST.

AMES

Nelson Electric Co

You wire to us and
We wire for you

Dealers in

ALL KINDS OF ELECTRICAL SUPPLIES

Ames

Phone 43

Iowa

HAVE YOU SEEN OUR NEW PLAN BOOKS?

They are the best money could buy

Call and let us explain

Citizens Lumber Co

Phone 10

"The Home of Quality"

Have You a Saving Account

If not? Why not? Start one today with

AMES NATIONAL BANK

CAPITAL, \$50,000.00

H. W. STAFFORD, Pres. L. B. SPINNEY, V.-Pres.
I. O. HASBROUCK, Cash. C. T. SIMMON, Asst. Cash.

Not How Cheap, But How Good

Bush & Gerts, and M. Schulz

Pianos are not Cheap, But they are Good

They cost a few dollars more than the common kind,
but they are the cheapest in the end. Be wise—buy
a Standard Make and save disappointment.

Pianos from \$175 up

Columbia Graphophones from \$17.50 up

C. E. HOLMES

ESTABLISHED 1895

For Reference

Not to be taken

from this library

store

s radiate"



PROPERTY OF



PUBLIC
LIBRARY